

THE MONTH

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1935

| | PAGE |
|---|-------------------------------|
| COMMENTS..... | By the Editor 385 |
| WHAT IS A CATHOLIC PRESS?..... | By Michael de la Bedoyère 397 |
| A FÊTE IN THE PYRENEES..... | By William Bliss 405 |
| MY ARCADEY (Verse)..... | By F. X. Bennett 412 |
| CAN WE KNOW THE FUTURE?..... | By H. V. Gill 413 |
| ENGLISH CATHOLICS IN EXILE..... | By M. Blundell 422 |
| RUSSIA'S AWAKENING..... | By F. C. Copleston 429 |
| THE GIFT OF TEARS (Verse)..... | By P. de Boissière 436 |
| AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY IN HUMBLE LIFE. Part VII..... | Introduced by H. Thurston 437 |
| THE HILL-TOP (Verse)..... | By W. Reith 445 |
| MISCELLANEA..... | 446 |
| <p>I. Critical and Historical Notes.</p> <p style="padding-left: 2em;">A Critic of Monasticism.</p> <p style="padding-left: 2em;">The Madonna "Ta Pinu" in Gozo.</p> <p style="padding-left: 2em;">Italy's Fight against Tuberculosis.</p> <p>II. Our Contemporaries.</p> | |
| REVIEWS..... | 454 |
| <p>1. St. Peter Canisius, S.J., 1521—1597. By James Brodrick, S.J. 2. Robert Southwell, the Writer: a Study in Religious Inspiration. By Pierre Janelle. 3. European Civilization: its Origin and Development. By Various Contributors, under the direction of Edward Eyre. Vols. II and III. 4. (1) Fisher and More. By Rev. H. E. G. Rope. (2) The Earliest Life of St. John Fisher. Edited with Introduction and Notes by the Rev. Philip Hughes. (3) John Fisher. By E. A. Benians. (4) St. Bede the Venerable. By H. M. Gillett. (5) St. Bede's Ecclesiastical History of the English People. Stapleton's Translation. Edited by Philip Hereford. With Introduction by Father Bede Jarrett, O.P. 5. (1) Blood-drenched Altars. By Francis Clement Kelley. (2) Chaos in Mexico. By Charles S. Macfarland.</p> | |
| SHORT NOTICES..... | 467 |
| BOOKS RECEIVED..... | 479 |

Literary Communications, Exchanges, and Books for Review should be addressed to The Editor of "The Month," 31 Farm Street, Berkeley Square, London, W.1, and not to the Publishers: Business Communications to The Manager, Manresa Press, Roehampton, London, S.W.15, who also receives subscriptions (14s. per annum post free).

Articles submitted to the Editor should *always* be signed with the Name and Address of the Sender and include return postage.

All rights of translation and reproduction reserved.

SHEED & WARD

MORAL AND PASTORAL THEOLOGY

HENRY DAVIS, S.J.

Demy 8vo. 4 vols. (approx. 440 pp. each) 30s. net per set;
single volumes, 7s. 6d. net.

"This important work by a learned English theologian which covers the whole ground, and takes account of the most recent documents . . . The medico-moral sections are specially well done. . . An authoritative, comprehensive and thoroughly up-to-date work displaying both learning and sound judgment."—*Pax*.

ST. PETER CANISIUS

JAMES BRODRICK, S.J.

Royal 8vo. 880 pp. 24 Illustrations. 25s. net.

"A monumental biography . . . displaying the same powers of graphic description and sensitive portraiture which made his reputation in his great biography of Cardinal Bellarmine."—*Universe*.

A HISTORY OF THE CHURCH VOL. II

The Church and the World the Church Created

PHILIP HUGHES

Demy 8vo. 520 pp. 15s. net.

This second volume returns to the West at the time of Constantine's conversion and shows the Church in the world of her making to the end of the thirteenth century.

"His masterly survey."—*Universe*.

PROGRESS THROUGH MENTAL PRAYER

EDWARD LEEN, C.S.Sp.

Large Cr. 288 pp. 7s. 6d.

"Dr. Leen gets at the essence of things: the sure vision with which he perceives the realities of the spiritual life and the virile, vivid expression in which he sets forth these realities make his book distinctive—in fact, unique."—*Standard*.

Write for full Autumn List

31 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.4.

THE MONTH

385

VOL. CLXVI

NOVEMBER, 1935

No. 857

EDITORIAL COMMENTS

The "Silence" of the Pope

THE experience of the Great War has taught us that, in any quarrel between nations, the moral authority of the Catholic Church will be invoked to support one side or the other, and that she will be severely censured for maintaining her prudent impartiality. For all national quarrels take their rise in a real or alleged violation of justice and, as each side claims to be in the right, each naturally expects that the professed guardian of the moral law should endorse its claims and condemn those of its rival. But that is just what the Head of the Church cannot do, except when he is asked by both parties to adjudicate between them. Thus Pope Benedict, during the War, was constantly urged by anti-Germans to anathematize Germany, and as constantly he refused. Yet so far from being silent, he never ceased, from the start of fighting, to implore the belligerents to cease their fratricidal strife. Accordingly, Catholics, faced by the same phenomenon in the case of the Italo-Ethiopian outbreak, can only regard the complaints about the Pope's silence as founded on ignorance both of what the Pope has done, and of what the Pope can do. Like Benedict he has pleaded for a peaceful solution, like Benedict he has denounced unjust warfare, and exposed the futility of this method of advancing just claims, and like Benedict he has refused to condemn a nation which others wish him to condemn. No one surely can doubt that the Vicar of the Prince of Peace deplores even a just war. He, of all men, cannot be suspected of having any interest in its event or in its continuance. Both belligerents know that all his sympathies must be arrayed against the wrong-doer. And in their hearts, too, those who are clamouring for him to name the aggressor, do not really suspect the Pope of favouring such injustice. So their scandal at his refusal to join with them in a particular condemnation, so far

as it does not spring from mere misapprehension of the facts, is not actuated by moral zeal, but rather by a desire to turn the Father of all into a partisan and thus limit his ability to work for peace.

The Real Nature of the Quarrel

WE must remember that the final issue all along has not been between Italy and Ethiopia, but between Italy and the League of Nations, an institution by no means universally approved of even amongst ourselves, and detested by dictators and imperialists everywhere. Accordingly, the outraged moral sense of mankind which the Pope is supposed to have ignored at the dictate of his own fears and interests, exists only sporadically, and his intervention might possibly have offended more than it pleased. In any case, if the world really wants Papal guidance and support it must be ready to receive it always. It should not ignore it when it seems less palatable. How little heed did the world pay to the Pope when he denounced the diabolical crusade against religion inspired by the Soviets—an infinitely greater outrage on human liberty than excites its indignation at the moment! How few the echoes of his solemn protest against religious persecution in Mexico that were aroused either in America or in Europe! Not that the Holy Father thinks little of collective action, as embodied, however imperfectly, in the League, or that he would be silent, as it were out of personal pique, just because the world ignores him, if he thought that speaking out would advance the cause of peace and justice. But, for the moment, he has said enough, enough for the guidance of his flock, enough for the enlightenment of all concerned. Between the two evils—of seeming, by silence, to condone (though only in the minds of the uninstructed) what many denounce as manifestly unjust, and of causing, by speech, incalculable political and moral disaster, he has made his prudent choice. It is precisely because he is, by divine appointment—what the *Church Times*, by a fine flight of hyperbole, lately called the Archbishop of Canterbury—"the spokesman of Christendom," that he has not the irresponsible freedom of utterance enjoyed by lesser personages whose words concern only themselves. Our Catholic weeklies of October 18th all published in full the Archbishop of Westminster's timely and eloquent defence of the Pope's attitude, to the satisfaction

of all critics except the incurably captious. Not all have the courtesy and understanding of the Anglican Primate who, being informed that His Holiness "is unwilling at present to say more than he has already publicly said" has declared himself content to wait for him to speak further "in his own time and way."

As Others See Us

MEANWHILE, the prolonged European crisis, accentuated by the outbreak of actual war between Italy and Abyssinia on October 2nd, has brought many things to light or into greater prominence. One somewhat disconcerting revelation is not gratifying to British complacency, and that is, the singular animus displayed against the policies and politicians of this country by the foreign Press. We need take little account of the censored Press of the Totalitarian States which has to say or omit to say, whatever its masters order: it is no true index of public opinion in those countries. But why should the Press in Poland, which is not wholly "Government," or that in Spain, which has no quarrel with England, break out into violently anti-British articles on occasion? Why should a certain section of the French Press, which passes as independent, develop the theme of *la perfide Albion* with such gusto? Our belief in the present rectitude of our international attitude, in the sincerity of our pursuit of peace and justice, in the emptiness of the sleeves of our statesmen of any cards save those on the table, prompts us to whisper "bribery," but such a solution is as easy to suggest as it is impossible to prove. May it not be that the foreign Press is but reflecting the false "lights on the situation" displayed by our home "millionaire" papers, whereby certain wealthy individuals try to govern us? One and all, these papers are "isolationists," denying the fact of world-solidarity, repudiating the system of collective security, relying once again on "war and the threat of war" as an instrument of national policy, and, holding these views, they are fierce (and happily futile) critics of a Government which has consistently made the League of Nations the foundation-stone of all its foreign policy. But because of their very volubility, these Jingo papers give the foreign observer the impression that the professed aims of the Government are insincere, with the natural result that the more the latter protests its disinterestedness,

the less it is believed. This may explain the suspicion of cynicism which, in America, tinges the comment of even Catholic papers on British aims. We trust that the Government will make good its honesty of purpose, and meanwhile, if it is a gift of the gods to see ourselves as others see us, let it take consolation in the abundant opportunity of doing so that by divine favour has fallen to its lot!

The Ordeal of the League

OF much more importance is the proof that the crisis has given that the belief of the League nations in collective security as the only alternative to international chaos has so far stood the test of sacrifice. All but a handful of weak and dependent Governments, naturally dreading the wrath of a powerful neighbour and protector, or fearing the further diminution of their scanty trade, have voted, at considerable cost to themselves, the application of economic sanctions. It was the reluctance of the Powers to suffer trade-restrictions that prevented the enforcement of Article XVI against Japan in 1932. It would seem, then, that in 1935 the League has grown stronger, but the test is not over yet. On pain of suicide, the League was bound to withhold all supplies from a member pronounced guilty under Article XVI, and a brave effort is being made to apply that sanction. No other course was open to those who believe that international agreements should be respected, who hope for the further establishment of international law and who really have the welfare of the world at heart. No one of those many who detest the idea of world-co-operation, as, in one way or another, hostile to national ambitions and interests, has even attempted to suggest any other method of restoring reason, rather than fear and greed, to the rule of international intercourse. This country, like every other, stands to lose commercially by the restriction of trade; it has to join others in penalizing a great nation bound to it by every tie of friendship and esteem, without the stimulus of a particular grievance; it has to put a sudden and severe check to the too tardy return of material prosperity—all to preserve and keep strong the one positive gain of the Great War, viz., the combined constructive effort to prevent another, embodied in the Covenant. The price it is paying, and is prepared to pay, is a measure of its sincerity in upholding the League and of its conviction of its value.

Sanctions not Enough

AT the same time, it must be recognized that an enforced Armistice, which is all that economic sanctions can hope to effect, will not of itself produce peace. That desirable consummation, which means more to this country with its scattered dependencies than to any other great Power, may call for further sacrifices. We are glad to see that Sir Samuel Hoare, in his last speech in Parliament (October 22nd) reiterated the Government's readiness to take account of Italy's case for expansion and economic development. The *Times* letter of our own Archbishop (September 2nd), suggesting the evolution of the Mandates system into one of Collective Trusteeship, anticipated Sir Samuel's public and formal recognition of Italy's need. Many influential people, including the Archbishop of Canterbury in his great speech at Bournemouth upholding the League (October 8th), have since expressed the conviction that Italy has claims on the world's resources which are at present unduly ignored, and have called for an international Conference to abolish all such commercial discriminations, which are a potent source of unrest. It may be remembered that Archbishop Hinsley, in an article in our pages last month, urged this readjustment as the only hope of genuine world-harmony. The "Haves" must show themselves ready to share their abundance with the "Have-nots." Of course, the very idea is scouted by Imperialists, those strange folk that have survived the transformation of the Empire into the Commonwealth, and still cling to the idea that the British have inherited the mission of the Chosen People. "As long as you believe, as I do," said one of them at Bournemouth (October 10th), "that Britain holds her place in the world under divine sanction, there is no fear that we shall abuse our power." Yet the intensest national conviction of the sort will do nothing to convince the rest of the world, whilst its frequent expression by our militarists does more than anything else to spread the impression of British hypocrisy. Unless, then, *pari passu* with the enforcement of economic sanctions goes the firm offer of future economic concessions, the League will labour in vain for the restoration and establishment of peace. The love of justice which, though often perverted, is part of the essential equipment of man, will not allow any great nation to submit for long to injustice.

A Guide for Catholics

IT is not fanciful to claim St. Thomas More as a sound representative of sound Catholic sentiment in this matter. St. Thomas was, as were all fine intellects before the breaking-up of Christendom, a thorough European, and, if he were now alive, he would, on the same grounds, be a thorough cosmopolitan. He believed in the unity and uniting function of the true Faith, and regarded Christian nations as constituent members, not of the Holy Roman Empire or any such human creation, but of the great Catholic commonwealth. Hence his firm reaction to the separatist policies of Henry, an able man blinded by his lusts, and his scorn of nationalist particularisms as disloyalty to the great ideal of the Christian commonwealth. *He* would not give up to party, or even to the nation, what was meant for mankind—his universal sympathy and whole-hearted desire for service. And, apropos of our immediate subject, whilst he makes his Utopians deprecate war, as in most cases an abandonment of man's prerogative of reason, he does admit its justice when demanded by the need of "expansion." "For they count this the most just cause for war, when any people holdeth a piece of ground void and vacant to no profitable use, keeping others from the use and possession of it who, notwithstanding, by the law of nature, ought thereof to be nourished and relieved." St. Thomas assuredly would not be found amongst the selfish and unChristian isolationists whose motto is "Britain first and the foreigner nowhere," and he would base his country's prestige, not merely on her armed might, but mainly on her observing internationally the Golden Rule.

Enlightened Self-interest

POLITICAL wisdom consists in a clear understanding of the present and an intelligent anticipation of the future. Are we going at last to learn that the Great War has irrevocably upset the old international order and, by demonstrating the natural interdependence of nations, has necessitated new and better relations between them? Or are we to repeat at this crisis the war-blinded folly of Versailles and try to clamp down by rigid adherence to the *status quo* the living and growing forces of great nations? *Nemo sibi vivit* is as true of States as of their citizens. We are members one of another

and cannot afford to keep our eyes closed to our neighbour's needs and aspirations. In the great task of civilizing the globe, only partially accomplished because of our rivalries, we should be partners, not competitors. There are vast regions of the world which are as yet undeveloped, inhabited by peoples needing our help to enable them to emerge from savagery and superstition. Why should not those, on whom that task at present lies, call in the help of others able and willing to assist? A new conception this, no doubt, involving new principles, but one to which both Christian duty and self-interest invite us. Let us look at it in more detail. Five things are needed for its execution. 1) Backward races should cease to be regarded primarily as means of enriching their civilizers or of strengthening their military power; 2) direct national responsibility for their welfare should be merged into trusteeship under collective authority; 3) their own culture should be directed and developed with a view to their ultimate autonomy; 4) the task should be apportioned amongst the civilized nations with due regard to the powers and resources of the trustees; 5) and finally, in case of transference of dependence, the reasonable desires of the natives themselves should be consulted. This, as Archbishop Hinsley has already pointed out, is simply a development of the spirit of the Mandate system, which itself was a post-War acknowledgment that the old system of exclusive dependencies, regarded merely as sources for raw materials and potential markets, should come to an end. Viewed in the bulk, the changes of outlook and practice required may well be deemed impracticable, but they can at least be openly discussed, be adopted in principle and be applied piecemeal, always under pressure of the knowledge that they accord with the dictates of "enlightened self-interest" and that there can be no stable peace unless they are adopted. After all, international peace and goodwill may be regarded as a national asset of more value than armies and battleships, and worth securing even at a high price. Moralists tell us that exclusive property-rights vanish in face of our neighbour's extreme need. The time may have come to consider that doctrine in regard to the relations between States. Let Catholics, at any rate, be always ready to condition their love of country by their vivid sense of Christian brotherhood. We are all, whatever our race and political allegiance, citizens of the Kingdom of Christ, and the chief badge of our citizenship, is by our King's express injunction, our love one for another.

Artificial Barriers to Trade

CO-OPERATION not competition" is the key-note of a recent report of the Economic Committee of the League, called "Remarks on the Present Phase of International Economic Relations," which, in the main, reiterates the uniform verdict of economists and business men on the various obstructions to trade, set up for political purposes since the War all over the world. It is strange to observe how economic nationalism, the natural desire of each country to be as far as possible self-supporting, really injures the nations which try to practise it unreservedly. The attempt has been likened to trying to build a wall with only one side: it ignores the fact that trade is a process of exchange and that the prosperity of our customers is closely linked with our own. "Make the foreigner pay" is the slogan of the isolationists, but the Report rightly points out—"these 'foreigners' are an indispensable link in the chain of our activities, or, to express it more aptly, they are members of our body economic: to impoverish them is to impoverish ourselves." There are various reasons which, at times, justify the control and guidance of trade—cheap or sweated labour, varying exchanges, the need of revenue—but all unnecessary shackles should be removed: they are all aimed at injuring others to benefit ourselves. Sir Samuel Hoare lately broadcasted to the United States an appeal for "a new world and a new order in human relations, in which peace and justice, trade and intercourse shall be secure." He might aptly have quoted the Third of President Wilson's "Fourteen Points," which stipulated for "the removal, as far as possible, of all economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade-conditions among all the nations consenting to the Peace," if only to recall an object which the States subsequently led the rest of the world in ignoring. We are wiser now, perhaps, and, when the crisis is over, we may have the sense to combine in "the lowering of the barriers to international trade," which Sir Samuel calls "one of the most fundamental tasks of the present day." The trade-war is one of the many evils to which covetousness gives birth.

The Press we should Support

PREPARATIONS are going ahead for the provision of the British Catholic contribution to the great Catholic Press Exhibition to be held in the Vatican next spring and

summer, and arrangements will be made for a "pre-view" of what will ultimately be sent to Rome, in the Westminster Cathedral Hall early in the New Year. This inspection of our literary forces and resources will, as suggested in later pages, afford occasion to make them more effective. And they must be made as effective as possible, for the work before us as Catholics was never so copious, so formidable, and so urgent. In fact, when we contrast our handful of papers with the wealth and volume of the non-Catholic Press, as set forth, for instance, in the "Newspaper Press Directory" and other reference books, we need to recall for our encouragement the story of David facing Goliath and the army of the Philistines. Quarterlies, Monthlies, Weeklies, Dailies are ranged before us in serried files, differing in most other things else, but all united in this that they reject the Faith which inspires us and the authority which we obey. But in that Faith lies our strength; it gives us the assured possession of revealed truth and a sure guide for conduct, and thus enables us to present a united and unshakable front to the "enemy"—those opponents whom we wish to turn into friends. However, we need more than a united front to make an impression: there is no reason why we should be "a thin red line": we want our attack to have substance and body behind it, and thus the marshalling of our forces should also be a golden opportunity of gaining recruits, or, more plainly, enlarging the financial resources of our Press, by enlisting many more subscribers. For, alas, in comparison with another Biblical host, also routed by divine aid, our cohorts are *not* gleaming with purple and gold, and their meagre equipment is not attractive. Yet our Catholic Faith should remind us that our papers have got what the others lack, and our Catholic zeal should prompt us to break the vicious circle that keeps them materially inferior—poor because not supported; not supported because poor. When we are asked, later on—What did you do to further the Apostolate of the Press?—it may be awkward to have to reply (for conscience then cannot deceive itself)—"I never even thought of it."

The Press we do Support

YET, apart from the immorality and error, of which, through ignorance of the truth, the secular Press is necessarily the vehicle, how grievously the intellectual tone of their

readers is lowered by the literary fare provided by the popular papers! How inadequate they are, even as purveyors of useful or interesting news! For they must not only sell, but out-sell their rivals, and hence somehow provide exclusive information. Recall the episode of the school-girl and the inspector who characterized as "old-fashioned imperialism" her writing in an essay—"England is the finest country in the world." A trivial enough occasion, but one stunt paper saw in it an opportunity of advertising its patriotism, and "splashed" it accordingly. So the others had to follow suit. A question in Parliament was arranged, and the school-inspector duly upbraided. Paper A published photographs of the child and its mother. Paper B brought the couple to London and introduced them to the House of Commons. The essay was reproduced in facsimile, even the outside of the copy-book, with strident headlines. Finally, the *Times*, which does aim at indicating the comparative importance of news by the captions attached and the space accorded, gave two whole columns to the ridiculous incident. No doubt, this journalistic extravaganza occurred in the silly season, but it stands as a fair specimen of what fare is provided and how it is cooked by the competitive "shriek" Press, on which we are apt to waste pennies that could be better expended.

The A.P.U.C. Once More?

IT is interesting, and indeed consoling, to note how persistent outside the Church is the impulse to seek and achieve the Union of Christendom, but somewhat disconcerting to realize that past failures have not taught the futility of all methods save one—entrance into the Fold by application to him who holds the Keys. One would think that the history of the "Association for the Promotion of the Union of Christendom" was fairly well known—how sanguine and zealous it was at the start, with a membership composed of Anglicans and Catholics, but how utterly it collapsed when principles came to be examined. Yet the essential circumstances are the same to-day: Catholicism has not changed, nor has any one of the sects or schisms realized that interior submission to the divinely-guaranteed teaching of the Church centred at Rome is an essential prerequisite to union. However, hope springs

eternal, and we read in the current *Church Times* the following advertisement :

The Church Union is preparing a statement on the essentials of Catholicism for an International Convention on the Union of Christendom in 1940. A series of booklets by members of the Anglican Communion, Roman Catholics, Eastern Orthodox, Lutherans, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Baptists will be published. The Bishop of Brechin will edit the series, the first of which will be ready in November. Particulars of the arrangements and titles from 238 Abbey House, Westminster, London.

We may wonder, in view of the frequent prohibitions of the Holy See, and particularly the recent injunctions of "Mortalium Animos," against Catholic participation in "interconfessional" symposia of the sort, what "Roman Catholics" are doing in that galley. They alone, it is true, are competent to declare the "essentials of Catholicism," but these can be found already in a dozen manuals. Why should the proposed Convention also requisition the aid of the Establishment, the Orthodox and the Free Churches? Are the essentials of Catholicism supposed to be the common beliefs of all these denominations? And who is to determine their right interpretation? As evidence of the homesickness of those who have long been parted, by no action of their own, from their spiritual Home and Mother, the proposed Convention is, indeed, sufficiently pathetic, but even more tragic is their hope of finding their way back by that particular route.

Yet more "Comprehensiveness"

IN default of the only possible basis for unity of belief in revealed truth, a living authority commissioned by God to expound it with certainty, the craving for the union of Christendom amongst the sects must ever go unsatisfied. Time and again the subject is discussed in their papers but, since non-Catholics are, by their principles, debarred from accepting the means of union provided by Christ, their discussions never come to any fixed conclusion. Those of them who are called Modernists, whose "faith" is almost wholly pragmatic, are yet in many respects the most reasonable of all. Their

zest for truth is insatiable and, not finding certainty anywhere, their search is never ended. If, as they hold, God's revelation is not confined to Church and Bible, but goes on continuously, if, in any case, the human mind is inadequate to reach final truth, and if, furthermore, miracles, which could guarantee revealed truth, are for some reason intrinsically impossible—which seem to be the assumptions they start with—then theirs is the only possible attitude for rational men to adopt. They must go on inquiring with open minds, ready to find past "beliefs" mistaken, ready to adopt new hypotheses to fit new facts, trusting, presumably, that their "good faith" may make up for their lack of the theological sort, without which "it is impossible to please God." And so in their Annual Congresses we are always prepared to find some fresh evidences of a fuller "comprehensiveness," in every sense of the word. In the Congress which occurred in early September, a diocesan bishop pleaded for a closer relationship between the Church of England and the Free Churches and deprecated the *de haut en bas* attitude towards Nonconformity too often adopted by Anglicans. "There must [he said] be a frank recognition of the full equality of standing between ourselves and them." And then followed the portentous words—"I include that body of Christians which calls itself Unitarian." It is something new, even among "Modern Churchmen," for an Anglican bishop to describe as Christian and recognize as of equal ecclesiastical standing to himself, a body which denies those fundamental doctrines of Christianity—the Trinity and the Incarnation. But the Modern Churchmen, many of whom are themselves Unitarians at heart, showed no signs of shock. Father Knox's witty dream of "Reunion all Round" seems to be gradually coming to pass.

THE "MONTH" AND THE MISSION FIELD

We are glad to announce that through the generosity of our readers in offering to forward the "Month" to missionaries, all who have asked for it have been supplied and half a dozen are still waiting for names of mission priests.

All communications to the Secretary, The "Month" Office, 31 Farm Street, Berkeley Square, W.1.

WHAT IS A *CATHOLIC* PRESS ?

THE Catholic Press Exhibition that is to be held in Rome during the summer months of next year will undoubtedly stimulate the interest of Catholics in what the Pope himself has called an Apostolic work, but which some of us take too much for granted and others overlook, if not despise, altogether. We shall at least be made aware of the quantity of work that is being done all over the world to bring Catholic news and Catholic doctrine in all its ramifications to the notice of the world by means of newspapers and periodicals.

But it is possible that the very sight of that quantity will bring home to us more than ever the defects of the quality of the Catholic Press, and still more the waste of talent and capital due to the lack of organization and collaboration for which we fear, the Catholic Press is conspicuous. We should, indeed, be probably safe in guessing that the Supreme Pontiff has called for the Exhibition partly at all events to make us realize these defects.

Now evidently a large number of problems are raised the moment we begin to think how the Catholic Press as a whole could be made more worthy of the great message it carries to the world and more effective in—to use the jargon of the day—getting that message across; problems of finance, problems of nationality; problems of education, and so on. But there is one problem that really underlies all the others, but which, nevertheless, may be overlooked, simply because it is too big and too pervasive to be narrowed down to a practical issue; and this problem really comes down to the following question: How do we interpret the word “Catholic” when we talk of a Catholic Press?

In discussing this question we are unfortunately faced with the difficulty of finding adequate terms with which to convey our meaning—and this vagueness of terminology is itself an eloquent indication of the vagueness of thought about the question.

There are some, for example, who would say that the Catholic Press must remain essentially a “religious” Press, distinct from the “secular” Press, not only in name but in

the choice of the matter to which it devotes its attention. Others, on the other hand, would hold that no progress will be made until the Catholic Press interprets its name in its original meaning of "universal" and concerns itself, like the "secular" Press, with every human event and happening, but from the point of view of Catholic Truth.

For the second class there is no distinction between what we ordinarily call "Catholic" concerns and "secular" concerns, but only a distinction between truth and error, goodness and sinfulness. For a Catholic everything that is relevant—to borrow the scholastic teaching that error and sin are merely *defects* of being, and not themselves being. To this class it might surely be replied that Our Lord distinguished between the things of God and the things of Cæsar, and in so doing He could not have meant that the things of Cæsar were as such erroneous or sinful.

The first class, on the contrary, would seem to act as though Catholicism were nothing but an ecclesiastical affair with no application to men in their general life, but relevant only to them when they enter a church to worship or confess their sins. And given that the modern world is filled with "Churches" of all denominations, such a view would seem to narrow the scope of the Catholic Church to that of religious sectarianism. Not only is this view patently false, but it happens to coincide exactly with the view taken of the Church by Nazis and Fascists who force the Church to mind its own business, but make no bones about rendering entirely nugatory Our Lord's distinction between the things of God and the things of Cæsar.

These misunderstandings seem to arise through a failure to think out the proper meanings of words like Catholic, non-Catholic, religious, secular, ecclesiastical, etc., and to be content to depend upon the meanings which the modern world tends to give to them.

For the world the word Catholic means a religious sect, however large and important. In fact, the growth of modern tolerance is largely due to the dying out of the general understanding of what Catholicism really stands for. And for this misunderstanding Catholics themselves are largely to blame. A century or so of virtually pagan culture, especially in so-called Protestant countries, has reduced them to such a state that they do not recognize, as having any Catholic implication, whatever is not labelled "Catholic," and even

"Roman Catholic." We have no doubt, for example, that if a newspaper or periodical were published in this country without some clear Catholic label which, nevertheless, throughout its contents took for granted and defended the principles of Catholic religion and morality, only a minority of the Catholic community would recognize it as Catholic. Sometimes, indeed, the label is not enough: we know of the actual difficulty experienced in this matter by a weekly paper labelled Catholic, which does not give the usual prominence to domestic ecclesiastical news.

But the danger here is that the Catholic minority, recognizing this state of things, should go to the opposite extreme and become almost ashamed of the label "Catholic," as though to use it were to show a sectarian spirit. These people are obviously just as much the victims of the world's understanding of the word Catholic.

And this becomes clearer when we consider the meanings of the words "religious" and "secular." There is a real Catholic distinction between them, but it is not the distinction between Catholic and non-Catholic or between religious and irreligious. Those who would cut off secular matters from the Catholic Press are understanding the distinction in a false way. But neither is it the distinction between ecclesiastical and non-ecclesiastical, which is adopted by the few who would like to see "religious" topics excised from all Catholic papers that aim at being something more than glorified parish magazines.

Let us, therefore, try to understand all these terms correctly, and, having understood them, we shall not have great difficulty in answering our original question as to the proper meaning to be attached to the word "Catholic" in the phrase "Catholic Press," and in applying the lesson in a general manner.

Evidently there is a sense in which it is true to say that everything that *is*, is Catholic if not *de facto*, then *de jure*. For everything that *is* is God-made and God-willed; it, therefore, takes its proper place in that order, the safeguarding of which upon this earth has been entrusted to the Catholic Church. In this sense the things that are Cæsar's are primarily God's things as well, and therefore Catholic things. But to say this only really amounts to saying that everything, except sin and error, comes from God and moves to God. And the Catholic Church, though God's Church, is not God.

The Church was founded by God in the course of human history for a supernatural purpose and given authority proportionate to that supernatural purpose. That authority, for example, did not extend to the temporal ruling of mankind or nations; nor did it extend to the ruling of our public or private actions, except in so far as these are directly or indirectly connected with supernatural truth in matters of faith or morals. Furthermore, that authority, being a spiritual authority, extends only to those who freely acknowledge its credentials, or, having once accepted, now reject it.

Hence, two distinctions have to be made: the distinction between the religious and the secular life of those who acknowledge the authority of the Church, and between those who acknowledge that authority and those who do not, nor know that they ought to.

To take the second distinction first. Those who, from ignorance of their duty, do not acknowledge the authority of the Church cannot be called Catholics, even though, in fact, they may, through living up to their consciences, be in the way of salvation owing to the supernatural grace mediated to their souls through the interior action of the Word which enlightens them. Thus they are, equally with right-living Catholics, children of God, although outside the Fold of His Visible Church. They belong to His family, in virtue of the same supernatural grace of which the Visible Church, through her incorporation with Christ and the mediation of His Sacraments, is the ordinary source. But although her commission to teach and rule all mankind necessarily includes them, she cannot exercise authority over them until and unless they formally join her. They may if in "good faith" disregard her commands, and yet be saved. Christ even to-day has "other sheep who are not of this Fold."

The other distinction—between citizenship of this world and citizenship of the next—is less easily defined. Here we are dealing with men who acknowledge the authority of the Church and are, therefore, Catholics. Obviously, they cannot be Catholics on one day of the week and not Catholics on other days, Catholics as regards part of their life and not Catholics as regards other parts. They are bound to be whole-time Catholics. Yet, over the greater part of their actions, the Church neither has, nor claims, any direct authority. As far as she is concerned, and so long as they do not violate the laws which she proclaims and sanctions, they can obey

what ruler they please, they can follow what trade they please, they can live where they please and eat what they please. Only the moral law and those which she lays down for her children's spiritual good, set limits to their freedom. Accordingly, they can obey what ruler they please, but they may not profess irreligious Communism; they can follow what trade they please, but not an immoral one; they can live where they please, but they must normally live within reach of a church; they can eat what they please, but not meat on Fridays. Hence, while there is an evident distinction between the "religious" or devotional and secular side of their lives, this distinction is not one that is always easy to draw. Their worship in church is religious, no doubt, and their meals are secular, but what is Friday's dinner? It would seem to be in part a religious act, since it embodies an act of mortification commanded by the Church for supernatural reasons. Their political and economic acts are also regulated by the fact that they must accord with morality. Are they, then, religious too? Surely not, for these moral restrictions, while taught by the Church and clearly marked out by her authority, are based upon the natural law, which must rule the consciences of all rational men, just because they are men and not because they are Catholic men in particular.

Here it is, then, that there finally comes into our view the key to the distinction hinted at above. Authority may be direct or indirect. Whilst everything that a Catholic does is Catholic, whether right or wrong—since one may acknowledge the authority of God's Church and yet refuse to obey it—still only that part of his life which is subject to the authority of the Church given to her for specific supernatural purposes, is the religious part. On the other hand, that part of his life which is only indirectly subject to her, as guardian of the moral law which rules all human acts, is the secular part. Finally, for the sake of clarity, we should mention that all the good acts, whether religious or secular, of a Catholic, done in a state of grace, may have a supernatural value, which is denied to those of the sinner as such.

It will have been noticed that, since the moral law is binding on all men, the secular life of Catholics and non-Catholics alike must be closely akin. It has in that law a common standard, although many may, through mere ignorance or muddle-headedness, not realize their obligations in detail,

and, not believing in the Church's divine commission to guide, naturally refuse to be led by her.

Our analysis seems to have led us very far from our original question, but it was in reality necessary for its solution. What, then, is a Catholic Press?

Obviously a Press run by those who are Catholics by conviction and practice, who know that their clear and unchanging faith must dictate all their moral judgments, whose estimate of events takes account of God's declared purposes, yet who are always careful to make the distinction explained above—between matters which are religious, *i.e.*, subject to the direct rule of the Church, and matters which are secular, *i.e.*, regulated for all by the moral law regarding which they as Catholics have the advantage of authoritative interpretation.

In practice, what does this mean? A Catholic Press obviously includes all kinds of different Catholic papers and periodicals, fulfilling differing purposes, just as the Church contains all kinds of differing Catholic lives. But there can be none of the name which are purely secular, *i.e.*, which are conducted without account of another world, the existence of which must condition our views and conduct in this. Thus a Catholic newspaper, even if mainly secular, will give due place to religious news of importance, equally with secular news. It will not conceal its Catholic convictions, and it will react as Catholics should to everything opposed to them. It will not publish unorthodox views without their due corrective. It will never be ashamed of calling Catholic things Catholic. It will recognize always the unique God-conferred character of the Church, the Pope, and the ecclesiastical hierarchy. Above all, it will always profess and exercise the fullest obedience to them within the limits of their authority. Needless to say, while it will not be afraid to express its own views on secular affairs, those views will always have the final purpose of assuring that order in life which depends ultimately on the observance of the law of God. And where political thought is free, it will not, if only in its own interests, be purely partisan in its views, any more than the individual Catholic can rightly adhere without reserve to any party in the State.

As for religious papers they may, of course, be purely religious, in a sense in which a Catholic secular paper can never be secular. But in this case, no such paper should suppose

itself to be the only publication deserving the name Catholic. Nor must it suppose that the more affectively religious it is, the more Catholic it is, encouraged by a fairly common view that devotion, piety and "other-worldliness" are hall-marks of Catholicism. Whereas, of course, that hall-mark is the profession and expression of truth, in both religious and secular affairs.

Lastly, we may ask—and this is generally at the back of our minds when we interest ourselves in the question of the Catholic Press—what should be the ideal Catholic newspaper, especially in a community not numerous enough to support more than a few?

Here again we should submit that an ideal Catholic newspaper is one that reflects the mind of the ideal Catholic man who has not been called to specialize, so to speak, in the service of God. Such a man balances and associates his religious and his secular side without confounding them. In this difficult matter shall we not find, providentially, our exemplar in the life of a Saint like Sir Thomas More? We cannot imagine St. Thomas uninterested in Catholic religious news, in the words of the Pope, in the views of the hierarchy, in the fortunes of the Church, in the events of his parish, though his secular duties and his interest, as an intelligent English Catholic, in politics and international affairs would perforce severely limit the amount of attention he could pay to religious events of habitual occurrence and of small importance. He would himself, with his Catholic intelligence and conscience, see these secular matters in a very different light from his worldly-minded or anti-Catholic contemporaries. Furthermore, he would attach a great deal of importance to secular matters that were generally overlooked, to the condition of the poor, to the injustices, so often hidden to men, that lie in the economic and sociological conditions of the times, to unemployment and the like, and, without holding that Catholicism either could or should provide a social Utopia, seeing that its primary message is salvation in another world, he would found both his criticisms and his remedies on the principles of religion and true morality by which the way to that salvation is prepared even on this earth. Above all, would St. Thomas be on the look-out for the attempt, however subtle, of the forces of the State or of powerful men to enslave the consciences and actions of men. We may be quite certain that he would be most surprised to hear

of a Catholic newspaper (had such a thing existed in his time) which did not consider these matters very seriously and constantly, on the plea that they were not specifically religious or Catholic, or that the majority of Catholics were not interested in them, and that, therefore, such topics did not "pay."

To sum up, then, with a final answer to our original question, the word "Catholic" in the phrase "Catholic Press" should mean a Press run by practical Catholics with a Catholic purpose, a purpose, that is, of keeping Catholics informed of religious news, according to its importance, which they would not otherwise be able to obtain, of giving publicity to the views, wishes and instructions of Catholic superiors in whom the religious authority of the Church resides, of counteracting the unprincipled selection of secular news by the non-Catholic Press, of inquiring into and most carefully commenting on secular affairs with the object of informing, according to its abilities, both Catholics and non-Catholics, of the religious and moral order against which these secular affairs may at times militate either openly or hiddenly, and of endeavouring to restore that order. Such a Press, simply because the moral law binds upon the whole world and yet is known clearly and adequately only to Catholics, will address itself to non-Catholics as well as to Catholics, but, while allowing for the goodwill whereby those outside the Fold may be saved, it will not gloss over the difference between Catholics and non-Catholics in secular as well as religious matters. On the contrary, by clearly emphasizing Catholic leadership, it will hope to play its part in bringing back those not yet in the Church, from a state of common agreement in a few secular matters only to one of full agreement in all secular affairs that are actually or potentially of moral importance and finally of acceptance of God's entire revelation. If a Catholic paper is not actively working for the restoration of *all* things in Christ, it has no right to the name.

MICHAEL DE LA BEDOYÈRE.

A FÊTE IN THE PYRENEES

OF all the mountain-ranges of Europe the Pyrenees possess for me the greatest charm. They are not so tall as the Alps; they can show you nothing quite so tremendous as the southern buttresses that hold Mont Blanc against the sky, nor quite so austere a pinnacle as the Matterhorn, nor quite such a vision of glory as the southern face of Monte Rosa and the Lyskamm; but they have beauties and glories of their own which, in sum, will more than balance these others.

They are not, again, like the Alps, a frowning barrier that shuts cold north from sunny south, but are as a friendly wall in a fruit garden. It is only the southern terraces of the Alps that are clothed with any verdure save the sombre sameness of pine and fir, but the Pyrenees are garmented on both sides—and more perhaps even on the north than on the south—with every tree that leaf. Forests of fir and pine have a beauty of their own, I know, but anyone who has walked for many days together over Swiss Passes will bear me out if I say that they become wearisome and in wet or misty weather—and there is much mist in the Swiss mountains—depressing to the spirit. Even in sunshine pine woods gain by being set against the varying green of kindlier trees, and no one has known how beautiful they may be till he has seen the dark so framed against the light. The Pyrenees have pines and firs enough, but always they are so framed and, whether you see them in spring against the varying tender greens or in autumn against the gold and crimson of the deciduous trees, each adds beauty to the other. Spanish chestnuts climb with you to five or six thousand feet above the sea, and even on the highest Passes—I do not say upon the summits—you will have sycamore and scrub oak and willows and other friendly bushes to keep you company nearly all the way. As for flowers, the Pyrenees will show you all that the Alps can show—and earlier in the year and in greater and more lavish abundance—and many more beside. I have seen, as I climbed a mountain-road in May, a mile of iris, purple and gold, clothe the steep hill-flank on my right thick as a field of corn, and the loose stone wall that held the road up on my left was

so covered with the smooth green leaves and the tender blue flowers of hepatica that you could hardly see the stones. All the gentians and the lovely tiny forget-me-not (*Eritrichium*) of a blue beyond imagining, beyond even the blue of gentians, and the mountain anemones and other flowers that the Alps possess, the Pyrenees too can claim but the *Chionodoxa*—"the Glory of the Snow"—and that little daffodil which hangs down two white bells and which they call Angels' Tears, belong only to the Pyrenees. I could add many more, and it is only natural—since they lie further south—that this should be so, and that they should be as I have said not a frowning barrier but a wall in a sunny garden. All their foothills are terraced with vines and you may drink the wine they make (and it is good and lusty stuff) for next to nothing.

Yet though the foothills of the Pyrenees are terraced with vines and even their higher valleys a garden of flowers, you must not suppose that they are all easy walking. They possess peaks which, if not quite so high—the Mont Perdu which is, I think, the highest, is less than 11,000 feet—nor so difficult as many in the Alps, are yet too high and difficult for any but skilled mountaineers, and even some of the Passes which I have walked are not to be too lightly attempted.

I am not a real mountaineer; Passes are enough for me and, as I will always maintain, give a more varied and continuous happiness than peaks can ever do, and the best way for the ordinary good walker to see the Pyrenees is, with a knapsack on his back, to walk from one end to the other—from west to east or east to west as he may prefer, from Pau to Perpignan or Perpignan to Pau—zig-zagging across from France to Spain and back again as he goes by all the Passes that invite him on his way.

I have never done this at a single stretch or in a single holiday; it would take more than a month to do it properly, but I have done it nearly all at different times and it happened that one evening early in September about ten years ago while engaged in this pleasant occupation, I found myself at the Hospice of Mongarri on the Spanish side, having come that day from Sentein on the French by the Port d'Orle, a high and rather arduous climb of over 7,500 feet. Mongarri was once a place of pilgrimage, but to what shrine or with what tradition I cannot tell you, for I was very tired and after I had eaten I went straight to bed and slept till sunrise.

I was going on next day to cross back into France by the

Port de Salau, a Pass of about 7,000 feet, and I was up early and off before seven, for I had a long way to go. The church of the Pilgrimage—which I confess I did not even go into—stands a little above the stream that forms the Pallaresa river which is here in its youth called the Béret. Church and Hospice and village are all about 5,000 feet above the sea, but lie close under the Pic du Port d'Orle (under which I had passed yesterday) and the Pic de Barlonguère and the Pic de Girette all of nearly 10,000 feet, which shows how steep this Spanish side is. They were only three miles away. The south side of the Pyrenees is always the steeper and more abrupt—and that is true, very generally, also of the Alps.

The first five miles or so was easy enough, downhill (except when crossing tributary streams) following and keeping well above the south bank of the Béret, to the Port de la Porosa (a foothill Pass) where the path crossed to the north or left bank and, turning south, still followed the river valley for another four miles or more to where the rather vague mule track leading to the Port de Salau and France turned out of it at a sharp angle to the left. You had to look out for it not to miss it.

It was now about 10 o'clock and a blazing hot day with thunder in the air. I began to climb, but had to drop a little quite soon to cross a stream in a very narrow defile, and then the climb began in earnest. From this defile to the top of the Pass is not more than two miles in a bee line, and even by the zig-zags not more than three, but you have to climb in that distance quite two thousand feet, so you may suppose it was pretty steep going. The path too was rough and the lacets not very well engineered—(how a laden mule comes down these paths I have never been able to understand)—and, though I rested only once or twice, it was nearly midday before I reached the Col and unbuckled my knapsack very gladly and laid it down and turned to look at the view.

There is practically no view into France from the top of this Pass, the ridge of the *Neuf Fontaines* shuts it out, but the view into Spain from whence I had come was wonderful. Mongarri village, which I could just see, looking west, seemed quite close though ten miles away in a bee line (I had walked, I suppose, nearly fifteen) but the church was hidden by a shoulder of hill. Above it the wall of the Pyrenees ran away to the horizon though the peaks were indistinguishable, shutting each other out, but to the south I could see far down the

valley of the Noguera Pallaresa past Alos and Isil and Sorpe and Rialp, till the dove-tailing ridges of the lateral ravines were lost in the haze. I sat there a long time and ate my lunch and drank wine-and-water and smoked more than one pipe before I started down the other side.

The Pass of Salau enters France not from south to north, but from west to east, and the first three miles of the descent—particularly the first—are not at all easy going and, though quite safe, a little dizzy here and there. Then the path drops down three steep but well-cut zig-zags, fords the torrent of the sources of the Salat river and swings south and the valley widens and the view begins to open out and you see shepherds' huts and are again among the habitations of men. Just before the ford there is a Refuge Hut. It was only three miles now to the hamlet of Salau and I went fast, for though the sun still shone and it was still blazing hot I had begun to hear thunder muttering in the hills. A little before you enter the village another valley comes in on your right and Salau lies thus in an opener basin of the mountains and is not too closely shut in.

When I entered the *auberge* it was half-past three and I had dropped 4,000 feet from the top of the Pass, and had walked altogether about twenty-one miles, and I still had another ten miles to go on to Seix (if I did what I had planned). I called for red wine. The landlord brought it quickly—it was heavenly cold—with bread and some kind of local cheese that went very well with it, and we talked while I ate and drank, and presently his wife came in and talked too and afterwards their little daughter, a demure child of twelve or so, who regarded me out of large, grave, brown eyes, but did not talk at all.

We talked of all sorts of things; of mountains and passes and peaks and of France and England and of wine and cheese and of thunderstorms in the hills and of the one that was coming nearer every minute. People have wondered at my going for walking-tours alone and have asked me if I do not find it lonely, but I think it is almost the best way to see a country—to walk alone among the mountains all day and to come down into the villages in the evening and find human companionship in their inns. It is good to be alone sometimes for a little while. . .

There came a tremendous flash of lightning that lit the darkening room and made me blink. I saw the little girl

make the sign of the Cross while the instant thunder crashed overhead.

"You are not frightened, little one?" asked her father. She shook her head, but I could see her eyes dilate and her lip slightly tremble.

"Behold a brave little girl," I said. "I am English as you have heard, and we English think we are brave, but I have known English girls bigger than you who would be much more frightened. Come and stand by me and we will watch the storm together."

She came round from the other side of the table and stood beside me. I would have taken her on my lap but she seemed a little too old for that, and her grave eyes deterred me. I was, I knew, still being weighed in the balance.

"What is your name, little one?" I asked. "Marie," she answered me. "I have a daughter named Mary, too," I said, "but she is fair and you are dark." "I should have wished to have been fair," she said. "Why?" I asked. "You are pretty enough as you are." "Because the Blessed Virgin was," she said simply. "I'm not so sure of that," I said. "But the picture I have says so," she insisted, "and the statue in the church and——"

Her mother broke in upon our discussion, smiling, "Monsieur will not be going further to-day, assuredly? In this storm? No! he will stop and see our church. It is a beautiful church and very old." "I had the intention of going on to Seix," I said.

"But that is nearly fourteen more kilometres," objected the landlord. "And after all the way that you have come. But no! it is too much. You will stay with us, and to-morrow—to-morrow is our *Jour de Fête* and you will see us amuse ourselves. But yes!—you——"

"What Feast-day is it?" I interrupted. "Is it your Village Fête or your Saint's Day or what?" "Both," he said. "We have our Fête always on this day. It is, as you know——"

"It is the Birthday of the Blessed Virgin!" broke in the voice of the little maid. "*Did you not know?*"

Her voice held a note of the gravest disapproval, and she drew a little away from me. I looked at her. Her eyes condemned me. I was found wanting.

"*Bon Dieu!*" I cried, slapping my hand on my forehead as I leapt to my feet, "the 8th September! Of course! And I had forgotten, beast that I am!"

She was adamant. "One does not forget things like that," she said coldly, but her lips quivered a little and I feared she was going to cry. I had disappointed her, I could see, bitterly.

Now, when I am on a walking tour in a Catholic country I generally hear, or at least try to hear, a Mass every morning but, as I stood thus confounded, my guilty conscience told me that for three days I hadn't even tried, and you have seen how on the morning of this very day I had not even entered the church of Mongarri to pay my homage to the Blessed Sacrament, but had passed by that Ancient Christian Shrine as if I were a pagan or an infidel. "This is terrible!" I murmured to myself: "Some devil must have entered into me!"—for Our Lady's Birthday has always been one of my favourite feasts—"what can I do to put myself right with her—and with the little maid?"

It is one of the advantages of walking with a knapsack—and alone—that, whatever you may have planned, you need never carry it out. I decided at once to stay at Salau. Seix could wait.

"Listen!" I said firmly to Marie who still stood there regarding me sorrowfully. "Listen!—If I stop here to-night and if I go to Mass to-morrow and if I go to her statue and tell her I am sorry—and I am truly—do you think she will forgive me?"

"But yes," said my little maid gravely. "*Mais enfin! En vacances!*" murmured Madame like a kind Recording Angel.

The landlord chuckled.

"And you, too?" I insisted, and took Marie's two hands in mine. "*Mais, oui, je te pardonne!*" she said looking up at me, and for the first time her face broke into smiles. "And you will see the Procession! Wait! I will show you my *cadeau* that I have made for her," and she turned and went out of the room.

When she had gone the landlord roared with laughter and clapped me on the shoulder. "You have settled your affairs well!" he said. "Come! We will drink some more wine and then the storm will be over—it is nearly over now—and then you can go out and see the church and then, if you are not too tired, climb up the hill beyond it and see the view—and then we will have supper."

So he fetched more wine and the little maid came back with a large and rather tight posy of wild flowers—scabious and

mountain pinks and salvias—"We all give her one," she said, "and after the Mass we go up and put them on her altar—and then she is carried in the Procession."

I admired the posy and then I walked out into the clean-washed village street and crossed the tumbling Salat torrent and went into the church and made it up with Our Lady. It was certainly a very old church, though not all of it, I think, of the eleventh century, and it was very large for so small a hamlet and it was clear that Salau must, at first and for a long time, have been the capital-village of this Valley of the Salat. Then I climbed to the top of a steep hill behind the church and saw the wooded mountains all around me (very fresh after the rain) and the church and Salau scattered at my feet, and heard everywhere the noise of running water which is the happiest music in the world. And then I went back to the inn and had supper and went to bed.

The next morning I went to Mass and Communion—the church, large as it was, was very full, for all the surrounding villages must have attended—and after Mass I saw the children all go up and lay their posies on the altar and the priest patted them all on the head and then preached them a little sermon and then there was the Procession, down the church and across the river and all down the village and back again, and my little maid went by, very proud, holding the end of one of the bannered ribbons, and when the Procession was over, we all played games, and about midday I went back to the inn and ate an enormous *dejeuner* and in the afternoon I was again dragged out and made to come and dance.

My little maid was quite friendly now and had shed her gravity and was as lively and as noisy as any. She pulled me out with her two hands and made me dance all down the sloping village street and when I refused to dance up it again I was surrounded by all the children and dragged up, like a toboggan, to the top and made to dance down again with half a score of them, all shrieking with laughter.

I did not wonder they laughed, for in my rough tweed coat and breeches and heavy mountain boots I must have looked just like a performing bear. I said this to the landlord whom I found, to my confusion, watching my gambols, and he said it was odd I should say that because the training of dancing bears used to be a chief industry of these valleys.

"All the dancing bears in France," he told me, "came from hereabouts in the Pyrenees, and there is a village just over

that ridge—Oustou—which takes its name, they say, from bears, and which was the centre of the industry."

I said I was glad to have, in some sort, kept up the tradition and so we went back together to the inn and drank a last glass of wine together and I said good-bye to Madame, and I left for Marie as her *cadeau* an enormous square of *pain d'épice* and a slab of chocolate which were the only sort of sweet I had been able to find in the village, and then, in the cool of the evening, I went on down the valley of the Salat—and a very fine valley it is—through wooded gorges and with the river talking to me all the way, to Seix.

One thing, I knew, was quite certain—I would never forget Our Lady's Birthday again.

WILLIAM BLISS.

My Arcady

MY Arcady high mid the uplands hides;
 A verdant plateau isled in skiey space,
 Upheld on mountain-piers about whose base
 Ebbing and flowing swirl the human tides.

My house is built of beams of larch and pine,
 Russet with weather-stain but still as sound
 And scarce less living than their brethren round
 That brave the blast in strong and serried line.

My shepherd-folk are rude as their own rocks
 And nigh as silent, kind withal and staunch;
 Their lives a fight with storm and avalanche,
 Upheld by faith that no disaster shocks.

My books are forest, pasturage and stream,
 The beast that light-foot springs, the birds that soar,
 The bright-wing'd thieves that rifle nature's store,
 The flowers that tint the liquid air and dream.

F. X. BENETT.

CAN WE KNOW THE FUTURE?

THE publication of a new book by J. W. Dunne,¹ the author of "An Experiment with Time," as well as a new edition of the latter, has again revived interest concerning the nature of Time and the knowledge of future events. In spite of the author's assurance that these books demand of the reader "no previous knowledge of science, mathematics, philosophy or psychology," and that they are "considerably easier to understand than, say, the rules of Contract Bridge," they are, in fact, stiff reading. The writer's main contention is that the knowledge of future events is as natural, assuming the correctness of views derived from recent theories of time, as is the knowledge of the past. A considerable portion of the earlier work was taken up with a detailed account of the experiences of the author and others with regard to their dreams. In many instances they found that, within a few days of a dream, events occurred which, to a considerable extent, reproduced the substance of the dreams, and that these dreams seemed to be as closely connected with future events as ordinary dreams are with the past. The writer even goes so far as to say that the future can be known, not only through dreams, but even by people in their wide-awake moments. The thesis of the book, "The Serial Universe," is that it follows from scientific examination of the nature of time that Man is Immortal.

It would be tiresome to discuss the arguments of the author, which take the form of deductions from theories of relativity, and which have little to do with reality. A fundamental falsity underlying the whole treatment of the subject is the assumption that men can examine the workings of their own minds only in the character of "observers," standing as it were outside themselves. Sound philosophy, on the other hand, teaches that we can be directly conscious of our own mental states :

Thus, I find that I can not only think or reason about some event, but *I*, the being who thinks, can reflect on this thinking; and, moreover, *I* can apprehend myself who am reflecting, and who know myself as reflecting,

¹ "The Serial Universe," by J. W. Dunne. London : Faber & Faber. 1934.

to be absolutely identical with the being who thinks and reasons about the given event. . . The *Ego* reflecting and the *Ego* reflected upon is the same : it is at once subject and object.¹

But if we cannot find in these two books any serious proof of the conclusions arrived at by their author, we can glean much of interest concerning the problem of time, and the knowledge of future events. I must confess that I read them more from a feeling of curiosity than with any hope of getting further light on matters which have baffled the greatest thinkers of the past. Be that as it may, the reading of them gave rise to certain reflections on the nature of time which are here set down, as they may be found of interest by others. The knowledge of the future here dealt with may be described as a kind of memory of what has not yet happened ! Now, our knowledge of past events is independent of the manner in which we may have obtained it. Thus, we can remember the result of an experiment either as our own work, or as the work of another. A person who knew beforehand the various causes at work could foretell the result with perfect accuracy, according to Laplace's well-known statement :

An intelligence, who for a given instant should be acquainted with all the laws by which Nature is animated, and with the several positions of the entities actuating it, if, further, his intellect were vast enough to submit these data to analysis, would include in one and the same formula the movements of the largest bodies in the universe and those of the smallest atom. Nothing would be uncertain for him ; the future, as well as the past, would be present to his eyes.

All this implies that no unforeseen factor enters in to disturb the laws of nature. In our everyday experience we know the immediate future in this way. For example, when we see a stone falling from a height we know beforehand that it will strike the ground—unless some other force modifies or prevents its motion. In the case of an infinite intelligence, such as that of God, the future, as the result of the operation of existing causes, can be known with absolute certainty.

Ordinary people know practically nothing about the laws of nature, and even the most learned know very little, so that, in regard to even the simplest workings of nature, only mere

¹ Maher, "Psychology," pp. 240 and 472.

hypothetical knowledge of the future can be had, and that only about the immediate future. God, as we have said, knows all future events in this way, but He also knows them in themselves directly, just as He knows the past. The real difficulty is about free acts, which depend on the operation of free will. If we see a man walking swiftly along a straight street towards a railway station we may be pretty certain that he will arrive there. But we have no absolute certainty. He may freely get himself run over, or he may deliberately and freely turn aside. In the case of the distant future we cannot always have even a probable knowledge of the event, for a free agent may do any number of unexpected things in the meantime.

Now we know that at any instant of our time God knows all things, past, present and to come, even the free acts of men and their results. He knows them in themselves, by direct knowledge. It is not strictly correct to say that God *foresees* these things—rather must we say that to Him all things are present. It is also obvious that God may, should He so will, reveal the knowledge of a future event to a human being. This is the received popular explanation of prophecy: "The knowledge must be supernatural and infused by God because it concerns things beyond the powers of created intelligence. . . It is a Divine light by which God reveals things concerning the unknown future, and by which these things are in some way represented to the mind of the prophet, whose duty it is to manifest them afterwards to others." (*Catholic Encyclopædia*.)

Such is the ordinary explanation of the knowledge of future events possessed by human beings. But what are we to say of such phenomena as "second sight," and the dreams of future events, in which there does not appear to be any reason to suppose that they are of sufficient importance to demand the special intervention of God's omnipotence? It may, of course, be denied that any such occurrences do take place, and that what seems to be the realization of a vision of a seer or of a dream, is but a chance coincidence. Against this is the conviction of many serious and trustworthy people that this power of seeing the future is possessed at least by certain individuals. Mr. Dunne holds that such a power is common. In "An Experiment with Time" he describes some thirty dreams about things which happened a short time *after*, and which could not be explained by any previous experience.

He holds that the reason why this phenomenon is not more frequently realized is that people do not take notice of their dreams on waking, and in a short time forget all about them. His own practice is to note down, on waking, any dreams he may have had, so that he may compare the details thus noted with any event which happens later. In order to exclude as far as possible the explanation by coincidence, he limits the time between dream and event to forty-eight hours. The following example is taken at random, chiefly because of its brevity :

On the afternoon of that day I was out shooting over some rough country. I was a little uncertain regarding the boundaries covered by the permission which I had obtained, and presently found myself on land where I realized I might have no right to be. As I crossed this I heard two men shouting at me from different directions. They seemed, moreover, to be urging a furiously barking dog. I made tracks for the nearest gate in the boundary wall, trying to look as if unaware of anything unusual. The shouting and barking came nearer. I walked a trifle faster and managed to slip through the gate before the pursuers came into view. Altogether a most unpleasant episode for a sensitive individual, and one quite likely to make him dream thereof.

On reading over my records [of the previous night's dream] that evening, I at first noticed nothing; and was just closing the book, when my eye caught, written rather more faintly right at the end: "*Hunted by two men and a dog.*" And the amazing thing about it was that I had completely forgotten having had any such dream. I could not even recall having written it down (pp. 95-6).

The accounts of many other such occurrences given in the book are of great interest.

The author does not confine his theory to dreams: "Every solution which could reduce Time to something wholly present rules that pre-images should be just as observable when one was awake as they were when we slept." He proceeded to make experiments by taking a book he intended to read within the next few minutes, and to think "determinedly of the title—so as to begin with an idea which should have associational links with whatever one might come upon in that future reading—and then wait for odds and ends of images

to come into the mind by simple association." Using this method he found that on several occasions, ideas which suggested themselves while he pondered over the title, were found to agree with phrases or concepts afterwards found in the book. The results in my opinion are too vague to be convincing.

I may mention in this connexion, though at second-hand, some instances of the well-known phenomenon of "second sight" which have come to my knowledge. Quite recently in the Highlands of Scotland, a lady told me of several events in which her late husband had been concerned. She asserted that everyone in the Western Isles is convinced that the power of seeing the future is possessed by certain individuals. This faculty is also said to exist in Ireland, but to a lesser degree. The following instances were given by her as illustrating this fact. When a young man, her husband filled some executive position on one of the Isles. As he was walking along a country road one day a workman, trimming a hedge, got into talk with him, and before they parted told him that one day his children would be playing in a field near by. At this time he was not married, and there was no sign of any house in the vicinity; nor did there appear to be any reason to suppose that he should settle down on the island. Some time later, however, a house was built on the field in question for one of the more important officials, whose exact title I forget. After a short time this official, for some reason, left the house and went elsewhere. My informant's husband, who had been given the position thus become vacant, was assigned this house. They were married about this time and lived there for many years. Their children were born there and literally played about in the field about which the forecast was originally made. If this was a mere coincidence, it was certainly a strange one.

Another incident was extremely sad. A marriage had taken place and in the afternoon the usual festivities were taking place. Someone remarked on the absence of the bridegroom, and they went to look for him. He was found in one of the out-houses, in a state of great agitation and weeping bitterly! They asked him what had happened. He told them that he "saw" that his bride would be dead inside six months. They tried to comfort him and to persuade him that it was all imagination, that his wife was perfectly strong and

there was nothing to be worried about. But they could not remove the conviction of this impending sorrow. As a matter of fact, his wife died of consumption a short time after.

The difficulty of realizing how any intelligence can know future free acts is insuperable. The difficulty remains for us even in the case of God's knowledge of such events.¹ The difficulty arises, of course, out of the mystery of time. To say that all things are present to God does not help the imagination. Few have written more deeply on the subject of time than Saint Augustine, and yet he admits himself to be baffled:

What, then, is time? Who is able easily and briefly to expound this? Who is he, that even in his thought, is able to comprehend it so as to express it in a word? And yet, of what do we more familiarly and more knowingly seem to speak, than of time? And we understand what we say when we speak of it, and so do we when we hear others speak of it. What, then, is time? If no man ask me the question, I know; but if I pretend to expound it to anybody, I know it not. Yet this I say confidently, I know that, if nothing were passing, there would be no time past; and if nothing were coming, there would be no time to come; and if nothing were now, there would be no present time. These two times, therefore, the time past and the time future, how are they; since the time past is now no more, and the time future is not yet come? And as for the present, if it could be for ever present and not pass on to become time past, truly it should not be time but eternity, . . . ("Confessions," Book ii, chap. 14.)

Since the knowledge of the past and future is concerning

¹ The Scholastic doctrine of time and kindred notions may be briefly stated as follows:

Time is defined, after Aristotle, as "the 'numbering' of motion according to before and after. It therefore excludes no kind of succession. It is not "*tota simul*." Time is also described as "the duration of that which is changeable both according to its substance and accidents." Time has actually (*in actu*) no parts properly so called: it is *indivisible now*.

Aevum is applied to that which is unchangeable in its substance, but changeable in its accidents, such as angelic spirits and human souls. An "aeternal" thing has no succession in its substantial essence, but has succession in the acts which proceed from it, as thoughts and volitions. Aeternal duration can begin and end.

Eternity is the "duration of what is altogether unchangeable," i.e., which subsists by its essence, and has no kind of succession. Eternity is completely (*tota simul*) duration. It is without beginning or end, and without the possibility of either. The celebrated definition given by Boethius is: "The perfect possession, *tota simul*, of never-ending life." Cf. "Cosmologia," par. 198, by V. Remer, S.J. Rome. 1927.

things which have no existence apart from the mind it follows that the division of time into past, present and future, is a mental operation :

Now, therefore, it is clear and plain that neither times past nor times future have any being. Nor may it properly be said that there are three times : Past, present and to come. But peradventure it might properly be said that there are three times, thus : a present time of things past, a present time of things present, and a present time of things future. For indeed there are in the mind three such times as these, though I see them not anywhere else. The present time of things past is our memory ; the present time of things present is our sight ; and the present time of things future is our expectation. If thus we be permitted to speak, I do indeed see three times, past, present and future according to our usual abuse of speech . . . so long as that be understood, which is said, namely, that neither that which is past, nor that which is future hath any present being (Book ii, chap. 20).

We cannot realize the present at all except in terms of memory and expectation. For an instant no sooner arrives than it is gone. The "absolute" present would be an indivisible instant, which does not exist. No matter how short an interval of time is we can divide it into still shorter periods. It is this continuity between memory of the past and expectation of the future which makes conscious life possible. I am conscious of a growing accumulation of memorized experiences and of expected events, which meet on the great divide which we call the present. The reality of memory and expectation is a fact of experience. When I listen to a sustained musical note, for example, the memory of the effect of past vibrations exists for some time ; simultaneously, by a kind of expectant resonance, my hearing apparatus is so tuned in that it is ready to receive a similarly timed impulse of the same character as that which has just become past. Thus the past merges into the future through the present. If the expected note does not arrive then there is a sudden "disappointment" which completely upsets normal perception. In determining the present in this way we can only invoke the memory and expectation of events in the immediate past and immediate future. Thus the perception of the present presupposes a

continuity of existence. When it comes to events far removed from the present we can only assert that past events exist only in the memory, and that future events, as far as we are concerned, have only a hypothetical existence in our expectation. Thus as far as our experience goes there is this difference between past and future, that the one has a real existence in the memory, while the other has no real existence at all. We may perhaps be allowed to illustrate the "passage of time" by a simple example.

The passage of time may be compared to a cinema film.¹ The unexposed reel represents the future. As far as we are concerned it is blank. As the reel passes through the camera an event is registered on it, which, if we suppose it to be instantaneously developed, represents the event in the mind, and immediately passes on. A second event is now recorded and also passes on. The developed film, with its recorded events, is rolled up on the exposed reel, and contains a complete record of the scene or series of events which took place in time. This second reel represents the living, uninjured brain on which the "memory" of events is impressed. In the case of a film, if I wish to focus attention on the event corresponding to any instant, I have simply to unroll it until I arrive at the portion exposed at the instant in question. In itself the record on the rolled-up film is a jumble of images overlapping each other, and cannot be distinguished by a simple glance. So, too, in the memory there are a collection of impressions corresponding to innumerable events. These events are often "forgotten" so that they cannot be at once clearly recalled to consciousness. Nevertheless, they are in the mind all the time, and, as experience shows, often emerge spontaneously, and often as the result of a definite effort of recollection.

The unexposed film is really a blank to the ordinary mind, concerning events which do not follow a definite law, but in the case of a series of events which do follow a known law, I can be certain of what is "going to be" impressed on any part of the exposed film. Thus if I were taking a movie of a swinging pendulum, presumed to be swinging regularly,

¹ The complete film consists of three main constituents: 1. the unexposed reel; 2. the portion which is in front of the lens on which the event is being recorded; 3. the reel of exposed film (which we may suppose to have been developed) containing a continuous series of records constituting "events." Since this article was written I find that Eddington, in his "New Pathways of Science," makes use of this illustration.

given the rate at which the film is passing, I could always know in advance the exact image which would be found on any portion of the film. Or, from my knowledge of the laws governing the swings of the pendulum, I could determine at what rate the film is passing. Or, knowing the rate of the film I could deduct from the records the laws governing the swing of the pendulum. In the same way I can measure the rate at which "time is passing" by means of a pendulum swinging according to a known law; or I can measure motion by knowing the rate at which time is passing. Thus the cinema film illustrates many things about time and knowledge of future events *in their causes* (but *not in themselves*). In general, we are in complete ignorance of what will appear on the exposed film, and can only, from our presumption of continuity, "expect" hypothetically what will happen in the very immediate future. But we can have a definite and certain memory of the past.

A modification of this illustration applies to God's knowledge of free acts. He knows what event will be recorded at any instant of time, on each portion of the film as it unrolls itself. As far as we are concerned, God sees these events as future. They become present to us when the film—or time—passes before our consciousness; and then become past. He sees them because they happen, just as we see things because they did happen. In neither case is the knowledge of the free act the cause of its occurrence. As Laplace pointed out, given an infinite intelligence, everything which follows the laws of cause and effect can be known with certainty beforehand, as the necessary consequences of these laws. With regard to God's knowledge of the (to us) future, the difficulty is about the acts of a free agent. The essence of such acts is that they are not determined by the working of any "law of nature," and thus cannot be known in their causes. Future free acts if they are known at all must be known in themselves. That God knows such acts is certain, but we are unable to imagine how He does so.

Whatever be the grounds for believing that it is possible for ordinary people to know future events, the present writer must humbly admit that he has been unable to follow the "explanation" given by the ingenious author of these two interesting books.

H. V. GILL.

ENGLISH CATHOLICS IN EXILE

NICHOLAS BLUNDELL of Crosby, in Lancashire, grandson of William Blundell the Cavalier,¹ kept a journal² in which he scrupulously avoided commenting on anything of public interest. He had grown to manhood in the bitter school of persecution, and therein had learned never to commit to paper a word to which a compromising meaning might be attached. Thus when Scotland rose for the exiled Stuart, and it was generally anticipated that English Jacobites and all Catholics in England would follow their example, the entries in Nicholas's diary became even more terse than usual.

1715.

Oct. 29th. We expected the Hors Militia to come serch here.

Oct. 31st. I came not in till dark night, expecting a Call.

Nov. 5th. They began to fortify Liverpool by Casting up great Banks for fear of my Lord Danwinwater. (Thus the diarist spells Derwentwater on some occasions, while on others he writes the name correctly.)

Nov. 12th. The Fight at Preston was begun.

Nov. 13th. This Hous was twice sirched by some Foot as came from Leverpoole, I think the first party were about twenty-six.

Nov. 16th. I sat in a Streat place for a fat Man. (The diarist here alludes to the Priest's Hiding-Hole at Crosby.)

He makes no mention of the excitement in the country, but sets forth the titles of the books he read while in hiding.

Other descendants of the cavaliers had gathered with their tenantry to the standard of James Edward in the 'Fifteen, but the Blundells of Crosby were not Jacobites. Twenty years earlier the father and grandfather³ of Nicholas had been tried for high treason in the supposed conspiracy of the Lancashire Gentlemen in favour of James II, and were acquitted with

¹ See "Cavalier: the Letters of William Blundell to his Friends, 1620-1698." Edited by Margaret Blundell. Longmans.

² "Blundell's Diary." Edited by the late Rev. F. Ellison Gibson, and published by G. Walmesley of Liverpool in 1895.

³ See "Cavalier."

the rest. In the writings of all three generations of Blundells no allusion is to be found suggesting their adherence to the exiled James, his son or his grandson. The fact that James enlisted the aid of France, the traditional enemy of England, against their own countrymen, alienated the sympathy of many who acknowledged him to be their lawful sovereign, while Catholics who had sacrificed their all for his father and been rewarded by persecution from his elder brother, seem to have been in the main indifferent to his fate. Although they groaned under the financial extortions of William and Mary, they no longer lived under perpetual threat of imprisonment upon account of their Faith alone.

If I be not greatly mistaken, [wrote William Blundell in 1690] all my friends here and hereabouts are so sensible of their present ease that they will not easily lose it through any demerit. We may sit very securely under our own vines—and we have reason to pray for the King. I am sure without his favour (a favour I confess unexpected) we had all been a prey to the law, or rather perhaps to the rabble.

The family at Crosby were thankful to be allowed to practise their religion with comparative impunity at last, after the heads of the house for five generations had suffered imprisonment for their Faith occasionally, and paid ruinous fines continually. The new penal code of William III (1700) affected Lancashire less than other parts of the country, owing to the good understanding existing there between Catholic and Protestant neighbours. Thanks also to the magnificent stand of the Lancashire Catholics against mixed marriages, there existed in the majority of cases no Protestant next of kin to claim their properties from their rightful heirs.

But to return to Nicholas Blundell in the priest's hiding-hole at Crosby in 1715. On November 24th he left the house, the entry in his diary suggesting that his departure was hurried.

Nov. 24th. I rid over in the boat to Runkhorn and did not light till I came to the Ail Hous where we baited. Thence to Cole-Brook, where we baited at Robert Pickering's, the Sign of the Cock.

Riding his own mare Ginny, Nicholas made his way to London in four days, and stayed there during the rest of the

winter. As a Catholic squire and descendant of a cavalier, he was a marked man in his own county, but could live unnoticed in London. There he made these succinct entries in his diary.

Dec. 9th. I saw the Preston Prisoners come into town.

Feb. 14th. Lord Derwentwater and Kenmure were executed.

During that winter, however, the presence of James Edward among the armed Highland clans maintained an attitude of suspicion and unrest in the North, and it was probably as much with a view to seeking security for himself as to making arrangements for his daughters' education, that Nicholas applied for a pass to travel abroad.

1716.

March 5th. I received my pass.

March 7th. . . . I sat up all night preparing for my journey to-morrow.

March 8th. I came from my lodging in a coach to Billingsgate where I stayed awhile in the Blew Bell and then came in the Tilt Boat (in about three hours and a half which is twenty miles) to Gravesend where I lodged at Michael Bayly's, the Sign of the Hen and Chickens. Tilbury Fort is just on the other side of the river.

March 9th. . . . If the wind had served we had gone off to-day.

March 12th. I went on board St. John of Bridges, a smack of 50 tun.

The St. John of Bridges was constantly becalmed on her short voyage.

March 15th. We landed at Ostend before twelve of the clock at noon. We were at sea three nights and were under sail only 36 hours.

Modern Ostend will hardly recognize itself in the brief description vouchsafed to it :

'Tis a poor place but very well fortified with mud walls.

For more than a year Nicholas Blundell wandered from town to town in the Low Countries. His wife and two little girls joined him in July, 1716, and the children were placed in the convent school of the English Canonesses at Ghent.

Nicholas was as faithful to his practice of keeping a diary

while "beyond the sea" as when he was at home, but extracts from it are here printed for the first time. Father F. Ellison Gibson omitted this part of the Diary from his edition, with the intention of publishing it separately at a later date, but he died before the first book was ready for the press.

The journal presents a picture of an English Catholic society which found a home in exile where it could educate its children, while persecution raged in its own country. Not only did Nicholas and his wife find aunt, sister or cousin behind the "grate" (his term for grille) of every convent they visited, but they were constantly in the company of English Catholic layfolk who were either living abroad, or were travelling like themselves to visit the "grates" of the foreign convents where so many Catholic daughters of England fulfilled their vocation. Thus: "My wife and I," writes Nicholas, "made a visit to Mrs. Langdale and her daughters. Sir William Blunt and his niece went with us." "I dined at my Lord Waldegrave's, with him, Lady Gerard Brumbley, Mr. Brinkers, etc."

His constant companions were English priests, the majority of whom were probably Jesuits, for the Blundells ever had many friends and relations in the Society. His phonetic spelling—that spelling which never improved although his grandfather took him to task for it when he was a boy at St. Omers—makes it sometimes difficult to guess at the identity of the friend to whom he alludes. It does not, however, detract from his graphic description of all that he saw and did.

Nicholas and his family adopted the Catholic practices and devotions of a Catholic country with the natural readiness of sons and daughters returning from wild places to the ordinary routine of life under the paternal roof. Thus the entry constantly recurs: "We went to Salue" (Benediction) or, as the fancy takes the phonetic speller, to "*Sallew*."

Relics preserved and honoured for centuries in the beautiful old Flemish churches were visited and venerated.

1716.

March 16th. I came in the Barge to Bridges.

(Thus our eighteenth century John Bull disposes of uncertainty as to the spelling of *Bruges*. On other occasions he writes the word as he no doubt pronounced it: *Brudges*.)

¹ See "Cavalier."

March 23rd. I was at the Chapel of the Holy Blood as was brought by one of that country out of Jerusalem. . . It is the Blood of Christ. I kissed it.

Before the arrival of his wife and children he visited the College of St. Omers, where he had been educated, and thence went to Watten.

May 8th. Saw some of the hair of our Blessed Lady. It had been here at Watten above 500 years. The church was built in honour of Our Blessed Lady on that account.

On one side of his page the diarist enters the date according to the new calendar, and on the other according to the old, this in Roman figures. Thus, when the family was visiting St. Omers :

July 22nd. This being the Feast of the Portu- *Aug. II.*
cula, my wife and I did our devotions at
the Friars' Church.

Later in the same month they were at Ghent.

Aug. 1st. This being St. Clare's Day, my wife *Aug. XII.*
and I heard High Mass at the Colletines.

The careful record of the various leisurely modes of travel, and the names of hostelries where the party lodged, affords a contrast to the attractive brochures issued by modern travel agencies.

July 25th. My wife, I and children came from Dunkirk to Newport in a chaise . . . and there took boat to Bruges, but being the river was almost dry near the town, we were forced to come some miles by waggon and 'twas so late we could not get into Bruges so . . . lodged near the town, at the Golden Crown, a good house.

26th. . . . Came in the barge from Bruges to Ghent where we lodged at the Looking Glas.

His description of Antwerp and the approaches thereto seems to remove that city of trade as we now know it into a more remote century than the eighteenth.

Aug. 15th. Sir Walter Blunt and I, etc.¹ came from Ghent in a chaise to Antwerp. Tis eleven leagues. We dined at the halfway house, the Star, and lodged at Antwerp

¹ By *etc.* he always indicates that acquaintances were of the party.

at the Red Tun in the Mayor, a most noble street which is hollow from one end to the other so as boats may pass lengthways under it and under the Jesuits' church. Coming along I observed very little at each side of the road except buckwheat, or, as we call it in Lancashire, French wheat. The most part of the road was planted with oaks at each side as are to be cropped for faggots, and in several places where the road is broad, there are four or sometimes more rows of oak trees with cartways between each row. The road is deep sand most of the way. Antwerp stands upon the Scheldt and was formerly a town of great trade.

I went to the house of the professed English' Jesuits and saw their church which is remarkable for the great variety and plenty of marble. The Communion rails are very long and of white marble finely carved, and in it a statue about half a yard long representing Humility, so well carved that the King of France proffered for it its weight in gold and also to get another made for them as like as he could. In that church are thirty-six or more original pictures of Rubens and Vandyke. There is a chapel in that church as was built by Madam Houtapple (?); it is most extremely beautiful, having great variety of choice marble and good pictures. There is another chapel in that church which has in it an altarpiece covered extremely fine by one of their lay-brothers, now an inhabitant amongst them. They have in the church the bodies of sixteen Saints except some little as if taken from them for relics. I saw their silver cross and pedestal which was about two yards and a half high. They have four pair of silver candlesticks, the highest about four foot, the others gradually descending. I saw their antependium of beaten silver and several vestments of silver needlework, the ground, and most richly embossed. They have antependiums belonging to them of the same work and several most extraordinary rich Vestments, Copes and antependiums of embossed work beset with pearls. I saw a veil which was valued at £100 sterling. In this church upon one Shrove Sunday the Jesuits

¹ So the diarist wrote by mistake for "Flemish," as there is no record of the English Province having a church in Antwerp.

kept count how many confessions they heard in about eight hours time which were eleven thousand or very near it. There were about sixty Jesuits as heard confessions in that Church, sacristy and some parts of the house so that, one with another each heard 163 confessions and some more. I was in their region of the dead or cellar where they bury, which is very neat, and in their museum or study-place, where they are writing the lives of all the canonized saints. This work was begun about ninety years ago by Pat. Bolandus, and is now carried on by Pat. Jaminques and three others. They have finished the end of June and wrote twenty four folios.

Our diarist, for all his phonetic vagaries, was evidently a careful observer, and his homely records give us an interesting glimpse of the past.

The following note on the Jesuits' house and church at Antwerp described above by Nicholas Blundell, has very kindly been supplied to me by Father Willaert, S.J., Professor of History at the College of Notre Dame at Namur.

"It was the 'Professed House' of the Flemish Jesuits. A 'Professed House' consists of Fathers devoted to preaching, hearing confessions, etc.; they do not teach and must live on alms, not being allowed by Rule to possess any fixed revenue.

"Besides the normal staff of the house, the Antwerp Professed House contained two groups of Jesuits, both also Flemish, viz., the Provincial of the Flemish Province with his attendants, secretary, etc., and the Bollandists.

"The church, dedicated to St. Ignatius, was a magnificent monument, most profusely decorated with pictures by Rubens who was a great friend of the Antwerp Jesuits. When the Society was suppressed in 1773, the church became 'St. Charles.' It is still a parish church, but a great number of its artistic treasures have been lost. Some had been destroyed by a fire which occurred in 1718; others were either sold by auction in 1773, or carried off by the Austrian Government."

The Bollandist Jesuits are now established in St. Michael's College, Brussels.

M. BLUNDELL.

RUSSIA'S AWAKENING

PETER THE GREAT opened a window upon Europe. But Peter the Great was not always looking out through that window. Anyone familiar with the life of the great Tsar need only recall to mind the treatment meted out to the rebellious Streltsi, or the dark story of his son's bitter end, to see the likeness of an oriental Sultan appearing beneath the trappings of a European ruler. Not that Peter was merely playing a part; he was in deadly earnest, and he had to contend with the accumulated prejudice and cherished ossification of a land that had been cut off from Western culture since the Mongol invasions of the thirteenth century. At the time when medieval culture was in flower and intellects like those of the Angelic Doctor were the glory of the West, Russia became a prey to the hordes of the Khan, and was left enfeebled and isolated, separated from the intellectual life of France and Italy. She was Christian, yet Christian with the static Christianity of Byzantium, severed from the Chair of the Apostle.

Peter determined to rouse his country from its lethargy, to make it shake off its mummy-case, and step into line with the great nations of the West. To meet and overcome the opposition his policy provoked, force was necessary; and to employ force the Tsar did not hesitate. It was his determined resolve that this policy of his should not disappear with his own death, but should continue after him, that led to his brutal treatment of his son, a young man who was more at home in the company of monks than in that of his father and his friends; and who loved the traditions of Moscow and the old Russia, while he hated the new window upon Europe, the city that was growing up on the banks of the Neva. His father had strength of will and character on his side, as well as the power that belonged to the throne as such; and the young man, who asked but to retire into a monastery, paid by a miserable death the penalty of his undisguised hostility towards his father's schemes and plans.

Peter had his way, but even his indomitable will was powerless to effect all of which he dreamt, and throughout the whole period of the autocracy, from Peter the Great until Nicholas II, Russia remained a strange amalgam of East and West.

Members of a brilliant aristocracy thronged the salons of Petersburg, and French novels and French free-thinking literature were in their hands, while French phrases and words were plentifully sprinkled in the drawing-room conversations of the Capital; but the dumb millions of Russia had scarcely stirred. The Government might pursue imperialistic policies of conquest and expansion and dream of a time when the Christian Tsar should enter Constantinople in triumph, but there was stagnation within the Erastianized Church, venality and corruption in the bureaucracy. Russia might be a great Power in Europe, but in the life of its officials of State and Army and Church, there was none of the Western conception of individual responsibility; and if any tended to appear, it was quickly checked and suppressed. The autocracy must be at all costs preserved. The aristocrats might be as "cultured" and as gallicanized as they would, but they were to be no more than the satellites, the faithful henchmen of the Tsar of all the Russias.

There was the cast-iron skeleton, the scheme of rule to which the autocracy clung, and to which it continued to cling, long after new life had begun to stir beneath the surface—life which the old frame was unable to contain, when at last it passed from mere talk to action.

In the famous novel by Goncharov, Oblomov sleeps, and even though he is awakened for a space by his love for a woman, he ends by sinking back again into his old state of somnolence. In the sleepy, dreamful Oblomov is portrayed an aspect of old Russia, which can be caught in many a page of her literature. We see it exemplified in those country landlords of the older type who sat motionless from meal to meal, moving their chair with the sun; who never emerged from the house save for an occasional drive round the estate. We see it in the younger men, described in some of Turgenev's pages for instance, who spoke much and long of the needs of the time, of liberalism, of a change in the autocracy, of education and science, but who did nothing, probably could do nothing. The old Russia—Russia with its "graft," the Russia of "Dead Souls," through which Gogol's fantastic hero pursues his audacious way—this was a Russia that was only half awake.

But has Russia fully awakened now? Is the new Russia a self-conscious people driving towards a specific goal, a formed

ideal? The first revolution of 1917, when the Tsar abdicated and the Provisional Government was set up, may have seemed to mean that Russia had at last thrown off the yoke of oriental despotism, and was prepared to take her place among the democratic nations of the West. But, as we all know, the Provisional Government was unable to stem the flood of revolution, and fell before the Bolsheviks. Russia was plunged into a condition of chaos, of civil war, lit by the Messianic hopes of the proletarian revolution, and the lurid glow of the Red Terror, in which the enemies of the new regime were "liquidated."

Of this Russia, Maximilian Voloshin writes :

Is't I would dare to throw the shameful stone?
Or dare to judge your passion, furious flame?
Oh, I would rather kneel and kiss your mud,
And bless the traces your bare feet have left,
My country, Russia, drunken, dissolute
And vagrant, in the ways of Christ gone mad!¹

But what has come out of all this? What sort of a Russia is the Russia of to-day?

Before the Great War for a nation to be "Western" meant to be democratic, to be governed by a representative assembly, with the executive in the hands of ministers responsible to the people in general. England with her constitutional monarchy and parliamentary system, the French Republic, the United States of America, were the typically Western nations. In this sense of the word "Western" Russia might be said to have made a move towards the status of a Western nation by the first revolution of 1917. Statesmen like Prince Lvov, and subsequently Kerensky, favoured a democratic constitution; and many of the intelligentsia rejoiced that at last the day of freedom had dawned, that the autocracy was overthrown, that the suffering of all those who had in the past striven to ease the lot of the Russian millions and to cast off some of the crushing burden of the monarchy, with its attendant and supporting bureaucracy, had at length borne fruit. The abortive revolution of 1905 was crowned by that of 1917. So thought and hoped the democrats, but it was not to be. Madness had been let loose, and the Provisional Government had not the strength to hold it in, with the final result that the Bolsheviks seized power and the moderate elements were in

¹ "Soviet Literature. An Anthology," by George Reavey and Marc Slonim. Wishart & Co. 1933.

turn ejected from all share in the Government. The triumph of the Red Army in the Civil War and the effect of the days of terror, secured the position of the new rulers; and now Russia seems firmly established as a Marxist and proletarian State.

Russia's official philosophy, then, "The Soviet General Line," the Marx-Engels system, as coloured by Lenin's and Stalin's successive policies, is Western in origin. The race for wealth, the concentration on temporal well-being, the materialism and indifference to supernatural values, all these are Western in origin. The new factories of Leningrad or Stalingrad, the workers' flats of Kharhov or Sverdlov, the tanks and armoured cars and aeroplanes of the Red Army, the underground railway of Moscow, all these are inspired by Western models. And if we regard the tyranny of the Kremlin and the new bureaucracy, the exercise of "proletarian justice," the "liquidation" of political opponents, and are reminded of oriental despotism, we remember that all this can be paralleled in our Western Europe. We have only to look at present-day Germany to see party justice, determined persecution of political opponents, political murders and a crushing tyranny. And in both Russia and Germany the ideology of the Totalitarian State holds sway. There are differences certainly—Germany is anti-Marxist—but the methods of exercising power are very similar.

Or look at Italy. A similar ideology is undoubtedly held by not a few of the Fascist Party, though it be officially screened owing to the particular circumstances of the country, and political freedom is non-existent. Political freedom indeed, in the sense of democracy, civil liberties and individual rights, is looked on rather as a lost cause in Europe to-day. Even we speak sometimes of ourselves in England as "holding on" to democracy, in spite of the wave of Fascism and kindred systems, thus implying that the French and ourselves are the abnormal peoples, and that it is perhaps only a question of time before we too shall succumb to the modern political fashion.

It would seem, then, that if we take Europe in the concrete, we can no longer identify "Western" and "democratic." The tendency of the West to-day is towards absolutism, towards the Totalitarian State, towards the subordination of the individual to the national body. In this sense, then, modern Russia is Western, and thoroughly Western. Germany, Russia,

and to some extent Italy, are the typically Western nations of Europe, while England and France are isolated oases, relics of a disappearing past.

Soviet Russia would lead the van in Western Europe. It would be in the forefront of material and economic progress; in the forefront of artistic and literary production. It would be a living, harmonious whole, pulsating with the common life of an organism, in which all the units are duly subordinated to the common life; in which each unit can realize its potentialities and fulfil a useful function, in which the life of the whole transcends, comprises and explains that of the parts. It must be the perfect State, the final stage on the way to the millennium, the Stateless, classless society of rationalized human beings. It would be the ideal, the goal of the proletariats of the other nations of Europe.

It is, moreover, remarkable how Soviet Russia, which formerly was isolated and self-contained—save, of course, for secret propaganda—struggling with her own internal problems, is now taking a decided interest in international politics. It is largely a matter of self-defence and self-protection, no doubt, but the fact remains that Russia is acting like other European Powers in the matter of European diplomacy. M. Litvinov is one of the best-known statesmen of modern Europe, and Russia's interest in questions concerning the Far East, her relations with Japan and China, and in the politics of the West, as in her relation with Germany and France, have been made sufficiently clear of late by the visits of Mr. Eden, M. Laval and M. Benes to Moscow.

The question arises, however, how far the new ideology of Russia has affected the bulk of the population. And on this count little can be said. Reports are by no means identical, and it is difficult to ascertain when information is really reliable and when it is not. That among the members of the Party, among the youth of the Komsomol, the shock-workers of factories and building-operations, there is an enthusiasm, an idealism and a quasi-religious hope and determination, seems undeniable. It is evinced in speeches, articles, drama, and in the securing of actual results. Thus we find in Soviet literature an interest in new problems, in wider problems than the old circumscribed topics of the American film, for instance. The almost Messianic consciousness and attitude of the revolutionary Bolshevik, of which Berdyaev speaks, has not passed away; it is still living and inspiring. But what of the

millions of Russia, what of all those who have been passive spectators of the rise of the new regime? The die-hard conservatives, the refugees of the aristocracy, who would welcome back the Tsarist, pre-War Russia, may be discounted. Ancient Russia is gone, and will not return, and we cannot desire that it should return. But it is not the old aristocracy who are in question, but the countryfolk, the peasants, and the multitude of those who form part of the urban population but are not members of the Party. Certainly, the new generation growing up at the present time knows only Bolshevik Russia. It hears the stories of the heroes of the Cause from the grim days of the Civil War, of the triumph of the People's Revolution. It is taught to think that the other nations of Europe, the Capitalist nations, are decadent and rotten to the core, that Russia alone has vigorous life, that she alone has a glorious future, unless the other nations will follow her lead in throwing off the Capitalist yoke and realizing the proletarian State. Such being the case, we must suppose that what latent opposition there is to the present regime, is gradually changing its character. It is no longer characterized by a hankering after a former stage, to be obtained by a counter-revolution, but rather by an often inarticulate longing to work through the present system to the realization of a higher ideal, a more complete and satisfying ideology. Thus there are not wanting indications of a tendency away from materialism to the re-assertion of spiritual values. There seem to be tokens of a widespread yearning after values which cannot be realized in the framework of strict Marxianism. Not that the Marxianism of the present-day Soviet is strict Marxianism in the historic sense; it is far from mechanistic already, and would appear to be becoming progressively less so. Nevertheless, it is still officially a materialistic system and all Soviet philosophers have to pay service to materialism. It is, however, self-contradictory. For example, the very subordination of the individual to the whole, which is demanded by the Communists' ideology, is indicative of an ideal, of the assertion of a human value above that of the machine. And when this human value is elevated into a final end of the historic-materialistic process, we find a quasi-religion established.

Yet this religion is essentially but a quasi-religion, since no adequate object for the relations of religion is provided. Hence discontent and uneasiness, symptoms which cannot but appear, since human nature is of such a kind that it is impossible

to confine it in an exclusively terrestrial system. It is the old story of "Naturam expellas furca. . ." Nature always has her revenge for these one-sided presentations of human life and destiny. The French Terror led to Napoleon. The "*laissez-faire*" policy has ended in Fascist tyranny, and the materialism of Marxist Russia may reasonably be expected to be broken through by an eruption of the spirit.

From one point of view, of course, Communism, revolutionary Messianic Communism, is itself a canalizing and orientation of spirit; but the bounds of the channel are too narrow and confined, and the issue at the other end is of insufficient capacity of content. A spiritual revolution, then, becomes a logical necessity. Our civilization may generally be machine-ridden, and its eyes bounded by the limits of temporal well-being, but human nature does not change in its radical and fundamental powers and tendencies. So far from the historical dialectic being resolved in the Communist millennium, the materialist antithesis will itself be negated by the positive thesis of the spirit.

This being so, we may suppose that, however much Russia may claim to be the most enlightened, the most progressive of Western nations, she is in reality only half-awake. Her slumber is in truth a very troubled slumber, broken by feverish dreams and sleep-walking. It is not the heavy sleep of the old Oblomov, but the restless, half-slumber of a new Oblomov; it is not a state of full awakeness. A man is not fully awake when he is only alive to one type of life and problems, when he leaves the depths of the spirit unrealized and unprobed. And just as the "splendid pagan," if there be such a man, is a mere superficial skimmer of life's surface, oblivious of the real problems of life, of the chasms on either side of him, so is the materialist, Five-Year-Plan Communist enthusiast blind to issues and problems of vital importance, which he, in his feverish, nightmare-ridden existence, deems to be no problems at all.

It is true that the rest of Europe seems to have little idea of any direction, to be quite ignorant whither it is tending. We are all busy in striving to stave off another war, but as to any constructive programme, such a thing seems non-existent. We are content to drift along in a fog. And even where there is an ideal, as in Germany and Italy, which impels to effort, this is narrow and national and less exalted than the ideal of Soviet Russia. Nevertheless, Soviet Russia is itself possessed

of a narrow ideal, not so much quantitatively (as is the case with German National-Socialism or Italian Fascism), as qualitatively. On its own plane and order, it may be the ideal, but then this plane is insufficient, since it does not contain the whole of man. The ideal, then, as a satisfying goal to be attained, a complete and perfect order, is doomed to frustration.

Whether Russia, in a further agony of rebirth, in a real and positive awakening to the light of God, will prove to be an instrument in the salvation of Europe, we cannot tell. It may be that the hopes and prophesies of Dostoevsky will be realized, it would be foolish to predict. But one thing is certain, that only through a spiritual rebirth, through a real awakening to the light and reality of spiritual values, will Russia and Europe in general be saved from otherwise inevitable decline and ruin.

F. C. COPLESTON.

The Gift of Tears

O H! thou who long'st for sweet relief to weep,
As longeth for soft showers the sun-parched plain,
Whilst through thine arid soul grief's tempests sweep
In blast on blast of still-recurrent pain,
Give thought to One, who knows a sparrow's fall,
Who in His day hath savoured all thy woe,
He will not fail to answer to thy call,
And from His wounds shall healing comfort flow.

Lo! in the utter dark His guiding ray,
And for the upward path His arm of might.
Thy night shall know the promise of His day,
And in thy blindness He shall be thy sight—
Yea, in the spirit's sorest travail, He
Shall give the lovely gift of tears to thee.

P. DE BOISSIÈRE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY IN HUMBLE LIFE

PART VII

IF in this section of the Autobiography there is mention more than once of strange dreams, or visions in waking hours, it will not, I trust, be supposed that any claim is made that these experiences were of supernatural origin. They seem, in greater or less measure, to come to almost all mystics; and, as authorities on the subject are agreed, nothing can be more difficult than to draw a hard and fast line between the human and the divine element in such manifestations. In the face of what we read in Holy Scripture, we certainly cannot declare that God or His angels can have no message to communicate to the soul through a dream. Four times we are told in St. Matthew's Gospel that St. Joseph received a revelation in his sleep. On the other hand, to assume that every dream which may appear to have some religious significance embodies a heavenly counsel or premonition would be worse than foolish. In any case, we have to remember that many obviously sane people believe that there may sometimes be a prophetic element in dreams. Mr. J. W. Dunne in his book "An Experiment with Time" maintains that dreams normally have as much to do with the future as with the past, and though this is a contention which has not so far found confirmation in the experiments which have been made to put it to the test,¹ it is alleged that during fifty years some 350 cases of alleged precognition in dreams have been recorded in the "Proceedings" and "Journal" of the Society for Psychical Research.² Miss Kate was, no doubt, prepared to find guidance in the singularly vivid dreams which, on different occasions, marked her early life, but with regard to the future her path never seems to have been made definitely clear to her by this means. She would not have clung so long to the idea of becoming a Carmelite if her call to the

¹ See Mr. Theodore Besterman's paper on "An Inquiry into Precognitive Dreams," in the "Proceedings of the S.P.R.," Vol. XLI (1933), pp. 186-204.

² Some rather striking cases, without any religious bearing, are recorded in *Light* for October 17, 1935, p. 657.

care of poor children had been made manifest by any supernatural disclosure of God's purposes.—[H.T.]

CHAPTER VII

FAREWELL TO CARMEL

When Father Thomas refused me Holy Communion owing to what I had told him about the bathing, I really took my bodily penances harder, and if I had dared, would have prolonged them, but I knelt and prayed till quite late. Then at last, very sad, I went to bed, and I had this dream. First, I seemed to be in St. Peter's at Rome, during a very grand ceremony, and I fell asleep it was so long. When I awoke, it was all dark and everyone had left. As I could not find my way out, and I felt very tired, I settled myself to rest behind a large pillar, but almost immediately a sudden light and brightness frightened me. The place seemed full of angels. Then I saw the twelve apostles; and our Saviour. His robes were different to those which a priest wears, yet He seemed to be saying Mass, but with His face turned to the apostles, and it was dazzlingly bright. I cried nearly all the time, but I felt glad the pillar hid me, so that I could see and not be seen. At the Communion time all the apostles said the Confiteor. I heard every word and joined in. Then Our Lord raised His hand, made the sign of the Cross, not on them, but over me. They turned and looked, but I seemed to myself to be all in white and beautiful. I got up, walked in the bright light that the sign of the Cross had made and knelt down at Our Lord's feet saying: "Have You forgiven me all?" I understood "*all*," then I received the Sacred Host from Our Lord's own hand. Yet I knew and felt I received Himself and that the Blessed Trinity was in my soul. I did not speak or move, but I felt how the soul was one with Our Lord and how He prayed in us, with us, and for us.

Then my angel seemed to lead me out, but still I felt that I carried Our Lord with me, and that whatever I asked Him, He was there ready to grant. We entered a poor house where a woman lay dying. The priest was by her side. As she spoke all kinds of vermin came out of her mouth, but they lay dead till the bed seemed covered. When the priest made the sign of the Cross they all disappeared. Then he gave her Holy Communion, and anointed her. She changed and looked bright and beautiful. When he gave the last blessing,

her soul passed out of her body. It was just like her body in form only it looked like a bright cloud as it disappeared, and even her body looked calm and peaceful. The angel made me understand that the vermin represented her venial sins, some to which she was more attached, and that the change I had witnessed was the effect of the Sacraments. I seemed to see Our Lord again, for He it was that had been the priest. I knelt at His feet and said: "Oh, make me strong, let me enter the convent that I may never sin again," for I had felt such a horror at the sight of all the things that crawled out of her mouth; "You can if You will," I added. Then it seemed as if Our Lord said: "It is not the will of my Father for you yet." Then I said: "Make me patient, humble, and keep me from sin." I thought He answered: "Yes," and continued: "I have shown you all this; and I want you later on, not yet, for little English children." Then I awoke and got out of bed. I remember kneeling and praying and thanking Our Lord, though it was only a dream. But I felt so comforted, and though I had no permission to go to Holy Communion, I heard that morning's Mass in a spirit which made it seem different to any other in my life before. I did not mention the dream to Father Thomas, but I loved to think about it. Why, even now, it is as distinct as ever.

Remembering the difficulties my last master had caused, I determined to be more careful in my next place, and though the gentleman spoke, read and wrote English, yet never once did he talk English to me, and only three times did he address me in French all the time I remained in that family; for which I respected him the more. Madame was such a good woman, and she went regularly once a month to Confession and Communion at the Carmelite church. Her little daughter was eight, her son ten. The first night she took me to her son's room. She dearly loved him. I think the father loved his little girl best. It seemed so. I had nothing to do for her boy, only during the holidays, and when his lessons were done, though sometimes I could help him with his English, but when I left him that night I remember kissing him on the forehead. He was the only boy, except my brother, that ever I had done so to. I said: "I am sure I shall love you, for once I had a little brother, he died just about your age." He turned his bright face to mine and said: "Yes, I

think the more I know of you, the better I shall like you. Good night."

Madame's children were the first that I ever had much to do with as regards the Sacraments. They began going twice a week to the parish priest for two years in preparation for their First Communion, and I always had the happiness to be present. I learnt much, for I loved instruction. Then after their First Communion they continued the catechism of perseverance. That also I heard. Often I thank God for all I learnt in France. I loved to get up and go to the churches early in the morning. In some they had Nocturnal Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, and at five in the morning they would be full of men, and perhaps only one or two women. It was a grand sight. It always increased my faith; at least it seemed more lively, I felt so moved. Then the grand processions, they had five while I was in France. Some of the Religious of every Order walked, except the Carmelites and Poor Clares. Those were sights never to be forgotten.

There were times when Madame would talk to me a little about herself, for she let me help her in her visits to the sick and poor; she often cleaned their rooms, but her maid did not know. She told me how much she loved the church services and instructions. I wondered, for she did not often go, but she added: "Kate, a Jesuit Father told me soon after my marriage, when I followed his retreat, that my first duty was to please my husband, as he held the place of God to me." Certainly she did practise self-denial with a smiling face. I learnt much from watching Madame. She was a model wife and mother as well as mistress. Often I have known her, when she had been suffering with her head all day, for she was subject to very bad headaches, dress to please her husband, go out to dinner, or to some concert or ball, and she would just say: "Pray for me Kate, you know it is my duty; and if I did not accompany my husband, he might find pleasure in other women's company, and I should be the cause of his sins." He was very proud of her, for everyone considered her charming, both in looks and character, and she was such a beautiful singer. Twice I went with them to Our Lady of Lourdes, and we travelled about a great deal during the children's holidays, but knowing how much she often suffered and yet practised such real self-denial for her husband's sake, and for society, I often said to myself,

If wives, and ladies of the world, can do so much, what ought not those to do who give themselves to God in religion? And when I noticed how proud Monsieur was of her, and how he thought nothing too good or too costly for her, and studied everything that added to her personal charms, or what he thought gave her pleasure, I made the comparison in my own mind, that if I, like her, thought only of Our Lord, and pleasing Him, perhaps in time He too would bestow great graces on me, and make my soul rich in merits, and beautiful in His sight, and that of the angels. Again, when I noticed Monsieur's love for his little girl, and how he only smiled at her faults, for her mother was more strict with her—I think that was why she clung so to her father—this too served me for a lesson. If an earthly father could be so kind and indulgent, what must not our Heavenly Father be. So it all helped me to pray better, and somehow to know God, and his love for His poor children.

Having such a happy home, and so much time to myself, I could do needlework for the church or make clothes for the poor. Both Madame and her little daughter were very charitable and industrious. That is one thing you learn in France. Seldom do you find a French lady idle, even when they have their at-home days. They always work for the poor, and the visitors bring work with them, while they converse together, that is, all the ladies I knew and Madame's friends. So I learnt many useful things during my seven years in France, if it was only never to be idle, for travelling, driving, walking, everywhere I could do needlework, and that has proved very useful in my present position; only this country being so much colder, you cannot work out of doors as you can abroad. One thing I felt very much, though I think now that perhaps I really did some good at the time, if it was only by my obedience to Father Thomas. Many of the English girls in Bordeaux never went to the Sacraments, and they were too fond of dress, and always chose their walks where there were most gentlemen. They liked me, and if seen in my company, they could get better places, and I really wanted to help them, and keep them out of danger. For all that, they never seemed to feel like me, and once when I heard some remarks meant for myself, such as "Birds of a feather flock together," while one rude man chimed in: "See, she understands, for she is blushing," I told Father Thomas

about it, for I determined not to walk with them any more. But he only said: "Poor child, where would you be, if your angel had said the same of you?" So I continued going with them, yet having so much—

At this point the manuscript which I have abruptly ends. I am not quite sure whether a page or two may have been lost, but the autobiography cannot have been carried down to a much later date, for sundry letters which Miss Kate subsequently wrote to me seem to assume that I would know this much of her story and no more. I cannot remember ever learning from her how she came to leave this edifying Catholic family with whom she last took service, nor can I recall that she told me anything about her experiences in the convent at Nantes—I do not know what Order it was, except that they were not Carmelites—where she sought to be received in 1877. There can be little doubt that it was her delicate health which here again proved an insurmountable obstacle to her being accepted without a dowry. Partly perhaps owing to the depression which resulted from these rebuffs, she seems at this period to have been sorely tried, not only with bodily infirmities, but with aridity, doubts and temptations (or what she believed to be temptations) of a more spiritual nature. In a letter from which I propose to quote a few passages, she recalls how, in the early days of loneliness in France, the former feeling came back that she was "born to be lost." Writing twenty years later she says "it was so dark and I was so sad, but now I thank God for it all, for I understand now what I could not then." Alternating with these troubles, she seems to have had strange mystical experiences and encouragements. She writes for example:

"Once in the Carmelite church after Holy Communion I was more recollected than usual, and I felt Our Lord's presence as if He were speaking to me, so low but so distinctly; He seemed to ask me what He could give me. I felt He would give me anything. The only thing I ever felt I wanted was to see, and my constant prayer was, 'Lord, that I may see'—see things as You see them; then I shall not make so many mistakes. If I see sin as it really is, I shall hate it and have an abiding sorrow, and then suffering will be sweet, because I shall feel that united to Your Passion I can help to do penance for poor sinners who, like myself, know not what they do. It seemed to me then as if Our Lord did open the eyes of my soul, and since then not only sin, but His mercy,

love, providence, I saw and have seen, and I was quite changed. I did not know myself."

She goes on :

"It was at one of these times [of consolation] that I prayed so much for health to be a Carmelite, and Our Lord said distinctly to my soul that it was not the will of His heavenly Father yet. Then I said : 'Give me patience.' He answered : 'you have it,' and from that time I have not been able to wish or pray for it [a Carmelite vocation] as I used to do before. He seemed to show me that I was to help poor children, and to instruct them ; but it was not quite so distinct. I had something like a gift of influence after that for some of the poor girls in Bordeaux. They often told me they felt drawn to me. I do not think such speeches made me feel in the least vain or proud, for Our Lord made me conscious that it was His presence in me by Holy Communion that drew them, and that He just made use of me."

When Miss Kate, on leaving the convent at Nantes, had to return to England in 1877, she writes that "I thought it was to devote the rest of my life to my sister's children, but she went with her husband and family to Australia three days after my arrival." It was then under the advice of her Carmelite confessor and of the nuns at Fulham that Miss Kate, on New Year's Day, 1878, came to St. Mary's Home, Hammersmith, where she was to spend the next forty years. Her arrival was attended by another strange dream experience ; in which she "seemed to see all that has passed since, though it was rather confused." This confusion was probably the reason why no details are given. There can be no doubt that certain vivid dreams which came to Miss Kate, not frequently, but at the turning-points of her life, made a considerable impression on her. It is hardly possible to condemn her for believing that some heavenly intimation was conveyed in them. But there was nothing of self-sufficiency or obstinacy in her character. I never noticed that she built upon the guidance which seemed to be conveyed in this way. She was ready to put the whole thing out of her mind if her confessor had told her that to attach credence to them was to be guilty of superstition. But in giving any faithful account of this soul who seems to have been so curiously guided, it would not be honest to disguise the fact that she had such experiences and was, to a certain extent, influenced by them. It must have been, I think, about the time when she returned

from France, that Miss Kate had a dream of St. Ignatius. As she describes it in a letter—

"I saw St. Ignatius and asked him my vocation, thinking he would tell me of some religious community. His answer was 'humility' which he repeated three times. I awoke afterwards, not at all pleased, but when my vexation had passed I thought better of it, prayed to him, thanked him and asked him to help me. I have never dreamt of him since, but the scene is as vivid as if it had happened yesterday, instead of twenty-five years ago. When I found I could not be a Religious, either in the Carmelites or at Nantes, where I had tried, I thought that this rejection was the explanation of his words. So I tried to be content, feeling how utterly unworthy I was of such a privilege. But when I had been with Miss Fanny a short time, seeing the dirt, disorder, and the condition in which the poor children arrived, all the things which are naturally repugnant to do became by degrees quite easy, for I thought that this was what God wanted of me, being the better and more practical meaning of the Saint's words. It was not until his feast, after the last retreat, that I think I really understood them aright."

In another letter which apparently has reference to the time when she first went to St. Mary's Home, Miss Kate writes :

"I had been suffering more than usual and yet working harder to keep away sadness, when one night I had a strange dream. I seemed to see Our Blessed Lord on the Cross. His sufferings touched me so that I wanted to console Him. I tried to kiss His wounds, but He turned His head right away and He said that I increased His pain. I awoke suddenly, sobbing bitterly, it was so vivid. When I fell asleep again I saw Our Lord as before. This time I crouched at His feet not daring to look up. Our Blessed Lady touched me and said, 'Look up.' I answered her : 'I dare not ; He will turn away again. O pray for me that He may forgive me.' 'Tell Him,' she said, 'that you are willing to be stripped' and nailed

¹ Though I never discussed the matter with Miss Kate, even in the remotest way, I have a strong conviction that the source of nearly all these troubles in her early life was an exaggerated sense of modesty. Readers will remember how when she went to hospital she would not allow the doctor to touch her, and also her statement that the mistakes made with regard to her age had resulted in great suffering. She had no mother to go to, and I am confident that, out of what she conceived to be modesty, she suppressed things for which she had very grave need of advice. If she could have had access to a lady gynaecologist, her physical life would probably have been quite different from what it was. The reader will notice how at the close of this extract she speaks of "seeking ease and health at the expense of my vow" (beyond question her vow of chastity), and how, because she found difficulty in touching upon such a delicate subject, she could not make herself understood.—H.T.

to the Cross, that He may come down.' I did as I was bidden. Then Our Divine Lord bent down and pressed His lips on my forehead, and I understood that I had more sufferings and humiliations to undergo. Then I awoke. In a few days I was very ill, not expected to live, and I was so happy at the thought of death. When I had Dr. Cullen and it proved to be quite a different death to the one I pictured, my mind was full of doubts and fears. I comforted myself by thinking that Our Lord had sent the dream to prepare me and that I was after all pleasing to Him, but then I thought it was a delusion of the devil to make me seek ease and health at the expense of my vow. I could not make myself understood."

A final chapter will contain a section of notes written by Miss Kate on her work at Hammersmith with Miss Fanny Wilson.

The Hill-top

A SUN-FILLED hollow on the height
Seems isled upon a sea of light,
Clearer than sapphire to the sight,

And, hovering by the outer rings
Of sense, a hint of heavenly things
Bears balm, as if on angels' wings,

To soothe the over-burdened heart,
To lift it high o'er fear and smart,
To bid earth's miseries depart.

Through bars of rose the sun shines fair
While, all-suffusing evening's air,
Flower-fragrance mounteth, like a prayer.

Creator God! for this sweet hour
Of life renewed, Thy pilgrim's dower,
My homage to Thy loving power!

W. REITH.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

A CRITIC OF MONASTICISM.

A WRITER in the October *Hibbert Journal*, who recently, though not a Catholic, made a sort of retreat in an English Benedictine monastery (unnamed but beyond all question, Buckfast) conceived a desire, in a spirit of gratitude for that spiritual experience, to tell the readers of the Review how courteously he was treated and how admirable the whole institution is—up to a point. Monastic seclusion for a short period is undoubtedly beneficial, he allows, for he himself has benefited, but—"can a complete withdrawal [from the world] such as that to which the monks are vowed be defended?"

He thinks not, and gives his reasons at some length, but although clearly anxious to describe the nature of monasticism as exactly as possible, he only succeeds in exhibiting his own incapacity to grasp it. The paper is worth noting as showing how completely the Protestant mind has lost the idea of the dedicated life. We may begin by indicating how this observer's power of correct diagnosis was vitiated by his antecedent convictions. Monks are notoriously forbidden to think for themselves, so our friend, noting during dinner in the refectory "one monk, aged about thirty, with a small delicately-shaped head, a solitary air, and questing eyes that rested, full of musing speculation, first on one and then another of his companions," was, on the mere strength of those casual impressions, deeply intrigued, "for it seemed to me that there was something *dangerous* about a monk whose *thoughts* dared to range freely in an atmosphere where intellectual speculation encountered so many bars" (*italics mine*). From glances to thoughts—how easy and how certain the inference! If the Abbot can identify the monk who so neglected "custody of eyes" during dinner, that culprit is in for a reprimand, for see how he has disedified this stranger by his "dangerous" speculation! And later, our thought-reader felt that "the vehement anger which fired the eye of a monk who, in the library, was obliged to mention the names of Darwin and Huxley, was significant of the closed monkish mind." The reasoning is simple—since monkish minds are necessarily closed, we must expect that their very glances will confirm that well-known fact.

After that, we are prepared to estimate the competence of this outsider to appreciate the monasticism which he encountered and the confidence with which he expounds it. He discovers after

a few days' inspection that a system which has been tried and tested for fifteen centuries is defective in two ways. First, it is a selfish abandonment of the Christian's duty of serving his fellow-men, and secondly, the vows which constitute it mean practically nothing. Here we may note the writer's misconception of the contemplative life, and of the creature's primary duty of worship. It does not occur to him that God has the first claim on our service and that those who, at His summons, leave the world to devote themselves to it are fulfilling their end more directly even than those who spend themselves in good works. The second commandment is like the first, but does not supersede it. Moreover, in order to air his little prejudice, he exaggerates the amount of separation which the monastic life involves. If the monk does not ordinarily mix with the world, the world has frequent access to him, to its own great advantage, as the writer himself experienced. And surely there are other forms of contact beyond the merely personal, as the "large, well-stocked library" might have suggested to him. Monks are teachers and preachers, writers and artists and cultivators. In fact, by pitching on the Benedictines, of all monastic Orders, as specimens of Christians who "avoid the common burdens of mankind and leave to others the struggle to substitute right for might, love for hate, good for evil in the world in which we are God's trustees," he has shown himself singularly maladroit, for the Benedictines have been the civilizers, *par excellence*, of the world, and their teaching and example has from almost the dawn of Christianity, kept alive the true purpose of life. The writer quotes Our Lord's words—"Let your light shine before men"—with the implied suggestion that men will not notice it unless you are close by them. Yet in a voyage, distant lights—as remote even as the sun and the stars—are more helpful than the cabin-lamps and it is men whose lives are conspicuous for devotion to the unseen that beacon our way to our final end. Has the writer ever read Our Lord's commendation of Mary the contemplative?

As for the vows by which the monk is segregated from the world, the writer, for all his quick observation, has caught no glimpse of their real nature. According to him, these monks are not poor, for their sustenance, bodily and mental, is assured; they can have no credit for chastity, for they are remote from temptation; and though no doubt they are obedient, their obedience is not free "since it involves the submission of will and reason to a rule that must not be questioned." What a complete misapprehension we have here of the dedicated life, the essence of which is the abandonment of all hindrances to the perfect service of God. Men are hampered by earthly possessions, by family cares, by their own liberty and independence; therefore, the Religious, by one free act *which colours every detail of his subsequent*

prolonged oblation, resigns all these natural rights, and lives henceforward, however securely, on alms, forgoes all the joys of matrimony and family life, and allows God, through his Superiors, to have the entire disposal of his life. If the *Hibbert* writer thinks this involves no hardship, let him "without prejudice" submit to that yoke for a year or half a year. And meanwhile, before again attempting to explain to an ignorant world—a blind man leading the blind—what he understands so badly, let him, when next enjoying the hospitality of a monastery, instead of "re-reading my *St. Francis of Assisi* and *St. [sic] Thomas à Kempis*" (with what understanding of those religious writers we may guess), humbly ask one of the inmates what it is really all about. Having first persuaded himself that the discovery of the real ethos of a system of life, which is almost coeval with the Church herself, and which saints and doctors have expounded and practised throughout the ages, can hardly have awaited his recent visit to a modern Benedictine Abbey, he may then gain the first requisite for communicating knowledge to others.

J.K.

 THE MADONNA "TA PINU" IN GOZO.

IN THE MONTH for September, 1934, was a most pleasing account of "Two Italian Pilgrimages," one to Our Lady of Montallegro and another to the Holy House of Loreto. As the author very rightly observed, nothing recounted in connexion with the origin of these famous shrines, the like of which abound in many Catholic lands, is a matter of faith. Pious credulity is the least objectionable of failings, for it is based upon a generous, whole-hearted belief in the omnipotence of God, working through His Holy Mother and His Saints, and is merely defective on the score of human learning and prudence. On the other hand, let us ever be grateful to those historical experts whose zeal for truth makes for edification of another sort by the exposure of puerile or superstitious beliefs. There is enough certainty regarding the major shrines of Our Lady to explain and justify the wonderful supernatural atmosphere that envelops them for the good of our souls. However, it is not of Lourdes or Loreto that we wish to speak, but of a shrine in the little island of Gozo, which has been the centre of devotion to Our Lady for many centuries. The devotion is genuine and permanent, and has in our own days been greatly increased by favours alleged to have been granted to suppliants.

Gozo is a little over a quarter of the size of Malta and supports 22,500 inhabitants (900 to the square mile) all, like the Maltese, fervent Catholics and perhaps, as becomes hard-working agriculturists, less pleasure-seeking. Their churches are numerous

and scattered all over the island, here perched on hill-tops, there on verdant slopes, or set amid the cultivated fields. Near the westernmost point of the island, on an eminence surrounded by a circle of loftier hills, a little wooden hut, containing an altar and a picture of the Madonna, was from time immemorial a centre of devotion for the neighbouring peasantry, particularly on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The origin of the devotion is unknown and the hut-chapel has been variously dated as erected before 1400 or in 1554. It was mentioned in the record of an Apostolic Visitor in 1575 as being in rather a ruinous state. It was reconstructed in 1619, but we find the Bishop of Malta forbidding its use in 1654. It was reopened in 1676 for the veneration of the faithful. The land on which it stood belonged to one Pino Gauci, hence the name—"Madonna Ta [of] Pinu."

It remained in its primitive simplicity, uncared for and unknown outside the island, till about fifty years ago. In 1886 a poor labourer, Francesco Portelli, praying before the shrine—the door was generally locked but altar and picture could be seen through a small *grille*—for the cure of his paralytic mother, thought he heard a voice bidding him enter and telling him where the key was hidden. He continued his petitions within the chapel and was told by the same voice that his mother was cured: a fact verified by her greeting him on his return. Some years before, in 1883, a certain Carmela Grima had also heard a voice from the shrine telling her to make a visit there as it would be her last chance for a year. Next day she fell ill and it was full twelve months before she was able to visit the shrine again. After the cure of Portelli's mother, he felt bound to reveal to his confessor the strange things befallen him and Carmela Grima. It seems that Carmela had subsequent apparitions, for, in a sworn statement before the Bishop of Gozo, on September 8, 1887, she mentioned other visions she had had after the occurrence of that on June 22, 1883. There is nothing so effective as an authentic cure to stimulate the devotion of suffering humanity to her who is "*Salus Infirmorum*," and long before the end of the century, pilgrimages, with their usual accompaniments of spiritual and temporal favours, began to multiply, coming not only from Malta but from Italy and other European countries.

In course of time it was felt necessary to increase the accommodation in and about the shrine, but it was not until 1920, that the foundation-stone of the present fine church was laid, and not until the present year that it was completed. The little shrine in its original condition occupies the space behind the High Altar of the stately Romanesque temple that has succeeded it.

The most important episode in the annals of the Madonna Ta Pinu occurred quite lately, when the costly crown presented by the Holy Father was set over the picture. The dioceses of

Malta and Gozo have just held their first Regional Council under the presidency of the Papal Legate, Cardinal Lepicier. When the Council was over, the "coronation" of the venerable picture was performed by the Legate in the presence of the Archbishop of Malta and of the Bishop of Gozo surrounded by the enthusiastic thousands of Gozitans and Maltese on the afternoon of June 20, 1935, the feast of Corpus Christi.

The interesting history of the shrine and the fame it has acquired in many continents, the picturesqueness of its surroundings and the architectural beauty of the temple raised to the Mother of God, the whole so vastly enriched by the recent mark of recognition bestowed by the Vicar of Christ on the shrine so dear to the hearts of the people of the Maltese islands, make of this sanctuary a hallowed spot worthy of the visits of Catholics the world over.

D. G. BELLANTI.

ITALY'S FIGHT AGAINST TUBERCULOSIS.

THE annual anti-tuberculosis campaign in Italy has lately been concluded, and there is no reason to doubt that a record sum will be handed over to the combative organizations by the collectors. This year the campaign has been spread over five weeks, instead of the usual three, but interest has never been allowed to flag, through the ceaseless activities of the youth- and after-work organizations in every town and village. In every town large wall-posters, printed in Rome under the direction of advertising specialists, have proclaimed the successes of the earlier campaigns and exhorted citizens to give generously, while every Italian newspaper has carried a long account of the scheme. Film-shows, lectures, street-tableaux and radio-talks have also played a part in disseminating a wholesome dread of the disease. Certainly, whatever failures may be laid at the door of the Fascist regime, the energetic campaign against the "white scourge" which has followed the passing of the 1928 law is worthy of high praise. The mortality rate has been reduced from 51,379 per annum to 35,800, while Dr. Remotti, Director of the huge Riva Ligure Sanatorium at San Remo, told me that he expected the figures for the year just ended to be in the neighbourhood of 30,000.

The campaign is based upon a strictly specialized insurance, which is compulsory for all men and women who are, in any case, insured against invalidism and old age. Contributions are low—three farthings a week for a daily wage of less than two shillings, and threehalfpence for those earning more than two shillings. The employer makes the same contribution as the worker. The campaign against the disease is carried out by the committees which were appointed in each province ("Consorti Provinciali Antitubercolari"), and the National Fascist Institute for Social Providence

("Istituto Nazionale Fascista della Previdenza Sociale"). The provincial committees deal chiefly with general prophylaxis, and provide certain forms of treatment, while the Institute for Social Providence concentrates its attention upon persons already affected by the disease. The two bodies are independent, the "Consorti" being under the control of the Ministry of the Interior, and the insurance scheme under the Ministry of Corporations, but there is close co-operation, and the Minister of the Interior retains supreme control and supervision. Other institutions, such as the Red Cross, the Fascist Aid Fund, the Ex-Service Men's Association, the Foundation for Disabled Men, and the Maternity and Child Welfare Institution, co-ordinate their activities with those of the "Consorti." Since 1928 scientific research stations, dispensaries, sanatoria, preventive institutes, and mountain and sea colonies have sprung up all over the country, all built on the most modern and efficient lines, and equipped with the newest curative apparatus. Some of the sanatoria exceed in size those of any other country in the world, and at the huge "Carlo Forlanini" institution in Rome I was told that delegations of doctors had been attracted from countries as far distant as Uruguay and Alaska, while six scholarships for foreign doctors are offered annually by the Ministry of the Interior. This sanatorium, the largest in the world, contains 1,400 beds, and specialist clinics for dealing with every aspect of the disease.

Specialist nurses, many of whom are drawn from the oldest families in the country, are trained in seven Red Cross schools, at Rome, Milan, Bologna, Naples, Florence and Trieste.

The insurance fund is controlled by a Managing Board of full-time officials, which works in close harmony with a Special Insurance Committee, composed of the President of the National Insurance Fund, the Secretary of the National Council of Corporations, one representative each from the Red Cross, the Maternity and Child Welfare Association, the National Medical Syndicate (the equivalent of our B.M.A.), the Director-General of the National Fund, members of the directorate of the Ministries of Social Economy and Finance, the Directors-General of Social Welfare, Credit, Labour, and Public Health, and a few permanent officials of the "Previdenza Sociale" Institute.

The first aim of the insurance fund was the provision of 20,000 beds for T.B. patients, which was to be achieved in ten years at an estimated cost of 500 million lire. It is now clear, however, that these figures will be vastly exceeded. The number of beds has already increased from 21,000 in 1928 to over 40,000 last year, and there has been no slackening in the *tempo* of building. Over 400 dispensaries are now open, many of them equipped with X-ray and pneumo-thorax apparatus. The dispensaries and other preventive institutes are controlled by the "Consorti," which are

also developing a national programme for the prevention of juvenile T.B., and for the care of those persons, numbering several millions, who are not covered by insurance.

One of the most noteworthy features of the Italian curative system is that the minimum period spent by a patient in a sanatorium is four months, which compares favourably with the six- and eight-week periods met with in other parts of Europe—usually a consequence of inadequate accommodation.

The Italian campaign to stamp out the disease has aroused widespread interest in medical circles in Central and Northern Europe, and I found an instance of this when I dined with the medical staff of the sanatorium at Presomaso, high up in the Italian Alps near Tirano. At the table were doctors from Lithuania and Hungary, who were taking short instruction courses, while I was informed by the director that he had had other students from Brazil, Finland and the United States.

A new development is the creation of "sanatorium villages," which will be inhabited only by persons suffering from the disease. The most important of these is that at Sondalo, where there is accommodation for 2,500 people. It is hoped in the course of time to develop some form of inter-village barter between these centres, so that light work can be performed by those patients for whom it is suitable as a preparation for their return to their families.

A large scale organization of women visitors is also being built up, and special efforts are being made to attract middle and upper class women into this field of activity. Great stress is placed on the importance of a tactful and sympathetic approach when visiting houses on the "suspect" list, and as this is combined with a severe course of training, the results are eminently satisfactory.

"Travelling dispensaries" on the pattern of those which have been used in the Western States of America for many years, are also at work in the purely rural areas like Calabria, although as yet these can only be described as experiments.

An interesting feature of the propaganda work is the emphasis placed upon military phraseology, and the words "campaign," "battle," "struggle," "fight," and "sword" appear over and over again on the posters, while many of the propaganda pictures in the elementary schools illustrate martial episodes from Roman and Italian history, such as "Corporal Mussolini in the Trenches" and "Horatius defending the Bridge." Not all the doctors are in agreement with the propaganda methods employed, many of which have more than a suspicion of Barnum technique, but as to their effectiveness there can be no doubt.

O. B. SHUTE.

II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES

AMERICA: Sept. 28, 1935. **Colonies and the World Community**, by John La Farge, S.J. [The "right" of expansion denied: the need of expansion to be met by collective agreement.]

BEDA REVIEW: Sept., 1935. **The Problem of the Romanizing Anglican**, by Thomas Whitton. [An exposition of the "Anglo-Catholic" mentality, by one who has shared it, showing that its chief error is disbelief in the essential visibility of the Church.]

CATHOLIC HERALD: Sept. 27, 1935. **The Two Voices**. [Editorial showing that moral decisions of even a universal League of Nations would be fallible, whereas the Church alone can state and guarantee the right course.]

CATHOLIC WORLD: Oct., 1935. **Go to the Fly, thou Skeptic**, by E. J. Anderson. [A study of *Musca domestica* revealing it as a miracle of intelligent and complicated design.]

COMMONWEAL: Oct. 11, 1935. **Mr. Aberhart Analysed**, by H. Somerville. [A devastating exposure of the inherent unsoundness of the Social Credit Scheme to be attempted in Alberta.]

DUBLIN REVIEW: Oct., 1935. **Abyssinia**, by Archbishop Hinsley. [A timely and very full account of the history and ecclesiastical status of the last independent Black State.]

ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW: Oct., 1935. **The Church and the French Revolution: 1790-92**, by J. J. Dwyer. [Showing how, in the recent anti-clerical outburst in Spain, history was repeating itself.]

IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL RECORD: Oct., 1935. **The Anti-Catholic Movement in Germany**, by "Peregrinus." [Continues the exposure begun in August of the anti-religious essence of Nazism, as further elucidated by the Fulda Pastoral.]

REVUE DES SCIENCES RELIGIEUSES: Oct., 1935. **Le dogme de la Rédemption devant l'histoire**, by Abbé Jean Rivière. [A detailed exposure of the heretical theories about Redemption advanced by M. Turmel.]

STUDIES: Sept., 1935. **Property and the Church**, by J. E. Canavan, S.J. [A Vindication of the Church's teaching against Communism.]

TABLET: Oct. 19, 1935. **The Noise about the Pope**. [A vigorous editorial refuting the reproaches based on the Pope's refusal to take sides with his critics.]

THE SOWER: Oct.—Dec., 1935. **The School-leaving Age**, by Father S. J. Gosling. [Arguments, from the Catholic standpoint, for raising it.]

THOUGHT: Sept., 1935. **Teachers of Life**, by Stephen J. Brown, S.J. [An astonishingly full survey of a multitude of modern writers, Catholic and non-Catholic, who have tried to expound the object of existence.]

REVIEWS

1—A CHAMPION OF THE COUNTER-REFORMATION¹

THE career of St. Peter Canisius was probably little known among English-speaking Catholics when, in 1925, he was canonized and proclaimed a Doctor of the Universal Church, and this fact makes Father Brodrick's work all the more welcome. For his life embraced one of the most momentous epochs of history, and he had much to do with the shaping of it. At the time of his birth the effects of Luther's revolt from the Church were not yet final. When he became a Jesuit novice at Cologne in 1536, hope had not yet been abandoned that the breach in Christendom might be healed. When he died in 1597 Lutheranism had gained a recognized position in Germany, and Calvinism was on the eve of gaining it in France. Economic changes further complicated the situation, and Father Brodrick shows how the change in the function of money raised moral problems which demanded a more careful precision of the medieval condemnation of usury. Furthermore, the growth of Royal Absolutism (a phenomenon as marked abroad as in England) necessitated a change in Papal policy. In the rapid break-up of the old medieval society, we may count it providential that St. Ignatius Loyola founded his new Order of priests, with an organization at once more complex and more elastic than the Church had hitherto known, which could adapt itself to changing conditions, whilst maintaining its consistency with itself and with Catholic tradition. St. Peter, who was one of its earliest members, admirably exemplifies the role of the new Order.

He is chiefly remembered as the Counter-Reformation Apostle of Germany, but his labours were not confined to that country. He was also instrumental in winning back Poland and Bohemia to the Faith, and towards the end of his life he laid the foundation of the Catholic University of Fribourg in Switzerland. Altogether eighteen colleges owed their inception directly or indirectly to him. That alone ought to be sufficient to secure him his place in history. But when we add to that his long years of administration as the first German Provincial, an office which he combined with that of preacher at Augsburg, his literary output, his negotiations with Emperors and Dukes, his activities at Trent and his incessant journeying, one is inclined to ask whether the sixteenth century

¹ *St. Peter Canisius, S.J., 1521—1597.* By James Brodrick, S.J. London: Sheed & Ward. Pp. xv, 859: with 24 full-page illustrations. Price, 25s. n.

was not an age of real supermen. For there were not a few like Canisius in the early Society. The same century also produced such titanic workers as St. Francis Xavier, Blessed Peter Favre, Father James Laynez and Father Robert Persons. With all our modern facilities for rapid and comfortable travel, few moderns could accomplish a tenth of the work of these men. No wonder that in those days, fifty was regarded as old age. Yet St. Peter lived to the age of seventy-six, without any respite, it would seem, from labour and anxiety. The great Baumgartner edition in eight volumes of his "Letters and Acts," which form Father Brodrick's principal quarry for the book, contains but few references to the foul roads, poor food and bad lodging which were then the ordinary lot of the traveller.

The sublime faith and courage which were needed to stem the tide of heresy in Germany can be appreciated when we read of the depths of degradation to which the official Church there had sunk. Most of the bishops "behaved purely and simply as German princes," and they set a bad example to the lower clergy. In the universities Catholic learning had almost died out and yet only knowledge and virtue could make a good defence against the assaults of heresy. St. Peter and those, secular and regular, who helped him could not altogether heal the wounds inflicted by Luther and the rest on Christendom, but to the Saint, under God, more than to anyone else, is due the fact that the course of the Reformation was at length stayed, that Poland and Bohemia were re-converted and that to-day Southern Germany is largely Catholic.

In a book of this length and fullness it may perhaps seem unreasonable to "ask for more." But we think that those of Father Brodrick's readers who are unfamiliar with European history would have been grateful for an introductory chapter in which the main events of the time were set forth in outline as a background for his story. On the other hand, the educated of all creeds will rejoice at the skilful characterization which gives life and actuality to his crowded canvas, covered with the figures of Kings and Prelates, statesmen and theologians, and the chief men of the various warring sects of which the "Reform" was already so prolific. Some may complain, again, that the records of a life of incessant external labour have left little room for an account of his interior life. The author is content to let his subject's sanctity be inferred from his own epistolary description of his acts and motives. Only in an epilogue does he attempt an estimate, very studied in its moderation, of the virtues whereby Canisius contributed to the annals of Christian heroism. At any rate, he has avoided the extremes of aiming at edification to the extent of producing something inhuman, and of obscuring the supernatural element so as to reduce the Saint of God to a mere "great man."

One feature of sixteenth-century life which is apt to jar upon

our modern notions is the prevalence of persecution for religious belief. Unless we bear in mind that heresy was then regarded as a social crime as well as a personal sin, we shall not understand why the saints of those days all approved of it, and why they exhorted rulers to extirpate heresy in their dominions. It took many years' experience of its final inadequacy before the practice became discredited as a defence of the Faith. St. Peter did not think that men could be converted by force, but that force could be used to save them from perversion, or to punish those who had culpably gone astray. His life of entire self-renunciation and incredible activity was devoted to endeavours to persuade unbelievers to come to a knowledge of the truth. "*Argue, obsecra, increpa in omni patientia et doctrina*" was his motto, as it was that of the Apostle. It is the only right policy in a world which has become almost as belief-less as was the heathendom in the midst of which Christianity was first planted.

Although dealing with many matters remote from present interests, and with details of little importance save as illustrations of his subject's character, Father Brodrick's lively style and frequent topical allusions, often consigned to footnotes, make his book both instructive and readable. St. Peter, as St. Robert Bellarmine before him, has found a most worthy and competent biographer. In addition, the book is sumptuously produced, and its illustrations greatly increase its historical value. The map of the Saint's journeys (p. 660) is a very useful addition, as well as a vivid testimony to his heroic activity. We should have welcomed a chronological table of the principal events of St. Peter's life, which would have further facilitated a study of the book.

H.B.

2—SOUTHWELL'S REMAINS¹

PROFESSOR JANELLE'S lengthy work on Southwell is certainly the most elaborate study of the martyr-poet that has yet appeared. Maybe it is over-elaborate. But the work contains much excellent criticism; and, as in his "Obedience in Church and State" (1930)—a study of Bishop Gardiner, recently completed by his "*L'Angleterre à la Veille du Schisme*" (1935)—so in this work the Professor's wide scholarship is much in evidence. The whole work is clearly inspired by a genuine and at times almost enthusiastic appreciation of Southwell, both as writer and as martyr.

The aim Professor Janelle sets for himself is to find out "the sources from which Southwell derived his literary ideal, and what measure of success he achieved in following it." As an introduc-

¹ *Robert Southwell, the Writer: a Study in Religious Inspiration.* By Pierre Janelle. London: Sheed & Ward. Pp. 336. Price, 16s. n.

tion to this he gives a lengthy life of the martyr. This, though undoubtedly the best authenticated and most ordered biography of Southwell so far written, is rendered somewhat jejune by his frequent breaking of the narrative, in his meticulous regard for accuracy, to correct the errors—and they are many—of former biographers and to settle small points of detail, all of which would have far better been relegated to appendices or footnotes. A study follows of the various elements that went to the moulding of the poet: the religious training he received in the Society, the imitative theory of poetry as expounded by his contemporary fellow-Religious, Bencijs, Pontanus and Possevinus, which the Professor regards as exclusively Jesuit theory, and finally the influence of the earlier and contemporary Italian poets, and of the Bible and the Fathers of the Church through the medium of the Roman breviary. All other influences, he concludes, "pale when compared with the most important feature of his literary personality, the religious spirit he imbibed in the course of his Jesuit upbringing."

To show the progress of the poet from conceitism to directness—which is opposed at least in part to the commonly received opinion—he endeavours to date the various works of Southwell, taking as his guide the prose works, the date of which, in some cases, is certainly known. It is interesting to note that Professor Janelle derives Southwell's euphuistic style direct from the Fathers, and holds that Lyly's work and the euphuistic vogue in England had no influence on the poet. The remainder of the book is taken up with a detailed consideration of the martyr's work, both in prose and verse, pointing out parallels from the various sources of his inspiration. In a final chapter the Professor sums up the conclusions he has come to as a result of his study, which it may be well to give in his own words. "It will not come as a surprise," he writes, "that Southwell's prose compositions should offer that mingling of mellow riches and sweet harmony which is generally associated with Anglican literature. In fact, we know that the Anglican prayer books of 1549 and 1552 were close imitations of the Latin liturgy. The source is in both cases the same, which accounts for the likeness; and the conclusion can hardly be escaped that the so-called Anglican style is not the especial property of the Establishment.

"The same applies to other supposedly Anglican characteristics. The root of the error lies in the fact that it is not generally realized how hard Catholicism died in England, and what a considerable influence the Counter-Reformation exerted in the field of devotional literature and practice. Long after the official disappearance of the 'old religion' the general atmosphere remained Catholic."

"The same," he writes again, "apparently applies to what, in the English character at large, is generally bound up with Anglicanism as above defined." In a word, the Jesuits and missionary

priests "imported into the Establishment much that was really Catholic."

"In so far [then] as the above conclusions are based on fact, they can scarcely be escaped. The least that can be said is that one cannot rise from a perusal of Southwell's prose works, and not feel that current theories on the building and constitution of the English character must be accepted cautiously and guardedly: we mean the obsolete doctrine of 'Protestant England,' as propounded by J. R. Green and Taine, and the more subtle and tenacious view according to which the Established Church is possessed of an original spirit of its own, not easily penetrable to non-Anglicans."

Some of the above conclusions, it may be remarked, receive striking confirmation from the work of Dr. Maria Hagedorn, "Reformation und Spanische Andachtsliteratur, Luis de Granada in England," which was published last year, and of which mention should have been made by Professor Janelle in his bibliography. In this work the authoress demonstrates the influence in Elizabethan and Jacobean England of devotional literature, which was exclusively Catholic; though—so rich is the material available—she confines her study to the influence of but one author, Luis of Granada.

It would be going too far to say that Professor Janelle has proved all his points in this study of Southwell. At times one is left with the impression that he is forcing the evidence to fit a preconceived theory. He seems, for instance, to overlook entirely the strong vogue for imitation of, and even for plagiarism from, Italian authors—generally through the medium of French translations—which was current in Tudor England. His chapter on the progress of Southwell from conceitism to directness with the necessary examination of the dates of the martyr's works, is based on a very insecure foundation. The English works of Southwell he postulates as being all written within the six years of his missionary career in England prior to his capture in 1592, overlooking the evidence of a contemporary, Arthur Pitts, who was familiar with the poet in Rome, that even in his Roman period, "*elegantiam in materna lingua tum prosatum versu satis avidè sectabatur*." It would, to say the least, be surprising if all of this English work had perished, considering that the Latin poems of this period are still extant. In fact, it is highly probable that some of the prose and poetic compositions in his native tongue were first wrought not in England but in Rome.

Again, a note of exaggeration appears more than once. On p. 171 he writes that "Southwell's views are similar to theirs [the Jesuit *littérateurs*] in every point. Like Pontanus he ascribes to the art of verse-writing a Hebrew or Christian origin: like Bencius or Possevinus he shows such enthusiasm for poetical beauty as almost to confound it with divine beauty itself." Yet

the quotation of Southwell, given on p. 170, on which he bases these statements really supports neither of them! And to one acquainted with the works of the Catholic exiles, to say of Southwell's "Humble Supplication" that it "is the ablest, fullest and most powerful plea ever put forward in defence of the English Catholics in the time of Queen Elizabeth," not merely smacks of exaggeration, but is downright erroneous. Nor again will one who knows Southwell and the Ignatian ideal, easily subscribe to the view "that St. Ignatius's severe soldier-like spirit is only half congenial to Southwell: the latter's mood is more gently wise, more severely reasonable: though like the founder of his Order he believes in the efficacy and paramount value of action." One wonders what Professor Janelle would say of St. Stanislaus, between whom and Southwell there are striking affinities. Certainly both imbibed to the full the Ignatian or Jesuit spirit.

But with all these faults of exaggeration and the like, this study of Professor Janelle's remains a really remarkable and very stimulating piece of work. It opens up new fields of inquiry, just as Dr. Maria Hagedorn has done in her study of devotional literature. He deserves our gratitude, moreover, for emphasizing the importance of Southwell's prose. Indeed, both Recusant poetry and Recusant prose deserve a special study. Perhaps Professor Janelle will undertake such a work. He is to be congratulated, too, on his own English style, which is exceptionally good.

In his useful bibliography, it may be finally remarked, he has omitted to note that the Brussels manuscript to which he frequently refers, was edited in 1931, by J. M. de Buck, S.J., and that the letter of John Deckers to Southwell, 1580, was similarly edited in the *Archivum Historicum Societatis Jesu* of 1932. It is unfortunate that such a valuable work as Professor Janelle's should be so badly printed. The errata are far too numerous.

L.H.

3—TRUE LIGHT ON THE PAST¹

THE enterprise which Mr. Edward Eyre and his large team of historical experts have in hand and which is proceeding with impressive speed and regularity, may be likened to an engineering operation intended to restore to its true, deep and clear channel an immense river, which some obstruction has caused to spread far and wide into unhealthy pools and swamps. If Almighty God has intervened in human affairs at a definite date and set up a permanent body on earth to guarantee and perpetuate the truth He then

¹ *European Civilization: its Origin and Development*. By Various Contributors, under the direction of Edward Eyre. Vols. II and III. Oxford University Press. (London: Humphrey Milford.) Pp. viii, 696: 888. Price, 15s. and 18s. (Six guineas net for the seven volumes.) With maps, illustrations and indexes.

revealed, any large-scale survey of history since that date, which ignores God's Church and its *raison d'être*, or which thinks it a man-made institution liable to err like any other, will itself be necessarily faulty. Thus, genuinely non-Catholic, still more anti-Catholic, history, often cannot be true history. The aim of *European Civilization*, on the other hand, is to describe the past in a way which takes full account of God's purpose in the Church and of all the realities which that institution represents, and thus to avoid what is one common source of error in post-Reformation historical writings. The first volume dealt with the world B.C., the remoter sources of the Christian culture which followed: the survey in the second is confined to Europe, although still it is found necessary to devote consideration to the earlier cultures: the subject of the third is the Middle Ages. The work is obviously planned on a magnificent scale, drawing upon every accessible "monument" of the past—material remains, such as weapons, ornaments and utensils, ruins and inscriptions, skeletons, even the records of geology, as well as the more ordinary sources provided by literature, religious rites and worship, the development of law and civil institutions—all with the aim of showing from what beginnings and through what phases the mind of European man progressed in his pursuit of his material and spiritual welfare. Each essay—and some are of the dimensions of an ordinary book—fits harmoniously into the scheme, and there is little of that overlapping which is, to some extent, inevitable when a single theme is handled by many. The work, of course, is not a chronicle of events, but rather a conspectus and an interpretation. It is an essay in the philosophy of history in the truest sense; an endeavour to trace the pattern designed by Providence, but obscured by the very multitude of its separate threads and varied tints.

Where each of the nine tractates included in these two volumes might merit a distinct review, it would be clearly impossible to deal adequately with them all. Rome early occupies the centre of the stage—"Rome and Christendom" is actually the summary title of the second volume—and the whole of Mr. A. W. Gomme's introductory essay, "The Roman Republic," traces the story of the most remarkable people, perhaps, of all time, from their legendary origin down to the dawn of Empire. On the other hand, Rome grew great, first of all, by driving back the Celts, as Mr. Wheeler points out in his elaborate discussion of the "Prehistoric Era in the West": there was a barbarian conquest of Italy long before Rome became a State. "The Roman Empire in the first three centuries," a substantive work of 244 pages, by Mr. S. N. Miller, is especially valuable as showing the intrinsic weakness of the imperial idea—it must expand or stagnate: expansion means the attempted incorporation of aliens and, therefore, growing weakness; stagnation, the decline which accompanies inactivity.

In the Rev. W. E. Brown's paper, "Christianity to the Edict of Milan," the *res Catholica* comes into fuller prominence—making such head against religious Cæsarism that Cæsar in the end withdrew his claims on the domain of the spiritual. The final essay in the volume—"The Church, the Later Empire and the Barbarians"—also by Mr. Miller, describes how the very size of the Empire compelled its subdivision, how Cæsar withdrew to the East, leaving Rome undefended save by the Papacy, and how the closely-articulated life of the Church, in spite of occasional schisms and heresies, kept Christendom united even when the Western Empire fell before the barbarians from the North—Huns, now, and Goths, rather than the Celts of the early invasions. The religious unity of the Empire preserved and perpetuated and ultimately extended throughout Europe the culture which Rome had established over the Mediterranean world.

The millennium between the breakdown of the Roman Government in the West and the dissolution of the unity of Christendom by the Reformation constitutes the subject of the third volume—"The Middle Ages"—an enormous space, yet crowded with events, like the rise of the Gothic and Frankish Kingdoms, the portent of a new world-religion, belligerent Islam, the Eastern and Western Schisms, the decay of the Eastern Empire, the work of Charlemagne, the anti-social heresies, the Inquisition, the Crusades, the Renaissance—is dealt with by three writers, Mr. D. C. Douglas, M. Jean Guiraud and Professor A. E. Taylor. Mr. Douglas's contribution—"The Development of Medieval Europe"—is a section of 350 pages, furnished with excellent maps which enable one to realize how frequently the face of Europe was altered before the modern national divisions were fixed. He vindicates Christianity from the charge of Gibbon of having caused the downfall of the Empire, and proves that the influence of the Church was indeed the salt which preserved society from corruption. M. Guiraud describes and defends the Inquisition and, in a second section, completes the survey of the Middle Ages, tracing the formation in detail of the States of to-day. Professor Taylor's contribution—"Ancient and Medieval Philosophy"—concluding this volume, is devoted entirely to the world of thought. He gives an objective account first of Greek philosophy, and then of the various Christian systems, especially of that of St. Thomas. His frank acknowledgment of indebtedness to Catholic writers, especially to M. Etienne Gilson of the Sorbonne, may serve to reassure the Catholic who might otherwise suspect the entire competence of an "outsider" to describe patristic and scholastic systems.

One might linger on a thousand points of interest developed in these two volumes. Excellently printed and documented, they yet lack some of the means for clearer understanding usually provided.

For instance, there is nothing to indicate at the top of the page the particular section to which it belongs and the particular part of it. More tables of chronology would also assist the student, and the indexes refer merely to names.

J.K.

4—OUR SAINTS ¹

FATHER ROPE'S vivid account of the lives and deaths, so consonant with each other, of the two noble witnesses to the Catholic Faith done to death by the Tudor tyrant, contains, of course, nothing hitherto unknown about them, but is valuable in that it draws constant parallels with events and tendencies of modern times, and nowhere conceals a generous indignation at the cruelty and hypocrisy of the persecutors. He quotes largely from the writings of both martyrs to illustrate their clear knowledge of the real meaning and the future results of the King's headstrong policy, and especially at the inevitable damage both to faith and morals occasioned by the breach with Rome. The legacy of these writings is of immense aid to the cause of Truth to-day, for no fair mind can read them and doubt of the "Roman Catholicity" of the English Church at that time, in spite of the Henrician schism and the weakness of most of the Henrician bishops, or fail to see that the present Anglican Church is in no sense the Church of the Martyrs.

Father Philip Hughes has put us all in his debt by his painstaking critical edition of the earliest extant Life of Fisher which is the chief source of our knowledge of him. It was written, probably, by some Cambridge scholar in Elizabeth's reign, who had access to important documents and knew many of the Saint's contemporaries, and as it is devoted for the most part to his career as a bishop, its evidence is exceedingly valuable. Father Hughes's scholarly Introduction discusses all relative matters—date, authorship, MSS., etc.—and pays generous tribute to the two scholars to whose labours our knowledge of St. John is chiefly due—the late Fathers Bridgett, C.SS.R., and Van Ortro, S.J., the Bollandist. His own notes are very helpful in correcting and elucidating the text. He makes clear, for instance, that the Saint was born in

¹ (1) *Fisher and More*. By Rev. H. E. G. Rope. London: Alexander Ouseley. Pp. 205. Price, 3s. 6d. (2) *The Earliest Life of St. John Fisher*. Edited with introduction and notes by the Rev. Philip Hughes. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Pp. vii, 192. Price, 5s. (3) *John Fisher*. By E. A. Benians. Cambridge University Press. Pp. 41. Price, 1s. n. (4) *St. Bede the Venerable*. By H. M. Gillett. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Pp. x, 111. Price, 2s. 6d. (5) *St. Bede's Ecclesiastical History of the English People*. Stapleton's Translation. Edited by Philip Hereford. With Introduction by Father Bede Jarrett, O.P. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Pp. lxiii, 373. Price, 15s.

1469, not, as commonly held and as the "Life" states, in 1459—a token that "early" lives are not necessarily the most accurate.

The lecture which Mr. E. A. Benians, Master of St. John's College, delivered in Cambridge on July 24th of this year, "on the occasion of the Quater-centenary Celebration by Queens', Christ's, St. John's and Trinity Colleges," deals, for the most part, naturally enough, with the Saint's work at the University, of which he was Chancellor for thirty-one years, and which he raised in his time almost from extinction to full University status. The lecturer touches only slightly on the religious issue, but speaks always with due appreciation of Fisher's saintliness and gratitude for his great services to learning. The lecture and the circumstances of its utterance make some amends for the University's omission to be represented officially at the Saint's canonization.

Mr. H. M. Gillett has provided just that short popular life of *St. Bede the Venerable* that the occurrence of the twelfth century of the Saint's death demands. He has gone to approved sources, mainly to Bede's own writings, and has provided what historical setting is needed to bring out the special service to truth which the Saint was called upon to render. The thorough Catholicity of the holy monk, which indeed is evident in all his works, is duly emphasized, and for this purpose Mr. Gillett has reproduced a telling piece of apologetic, produced in mid-seventeenth century by an English Jesuit, Henry Beaumont, and contrasting in half a hundred details the Elizabethan Establishment with the Church of Bede. Abbot Vonier, in his Introduction, writes with full appreciation of the Saint's Benedictine monasticism.

Should anyone be moved by Mr. Gillett's account to read the Venerable Bede's chief work, his *Ecclesiastical History*, for himself, Messrs. Burns, Oates & Washbourne have provided, in their modern and critical edition of Thomas Stapleton's famous translation, the very book he needs. It is a book worthy indeed of the twelfth century it commemorates. Father Bede Jarrett, before his lamented death eighteen months ago, contributed an Introduction dealing alike with Bede as an historian and a Saint, and also with his translator "the most learned English Catholic theologian of his time," who "dedicated" his work in an out-spoken preface to Elizabeth herself. The appositeness of putting before Her Majesty, in 1565, a picture of the genuine Catholic Faith did not escape him. Mr. Hereford's care has been directed to modernizing the spelling, correcting inaccuracies, supplying omissions. And the publishers' excellent typography has ably seconded his efforts to make this edition both complete and final.

J.K.

5—PERSECUTION IN MEXICO¹

IT is hard to say when, in modern times, the Church and faithful of Mexico were not under the ban of religious persecution. None of the various Presidents after the retirement of Porfirio Diaz in 1911 had much regard for the Catholic Faith, but we may, perhaps, date the modern phase, which exceeds in ferocious thoroughness anything that preceded it, from the accession to power of the notorious Plutarcho Elias Calles in 1926. The Terror has continued, with occasional short intermissions, up to the present hour, when it is as ferocious and thorough as ever. It is a singular phenomenon in our modern world when the spread of religious indifference should have made toleration of differences of creed the natural attitude. But, as is very evident from recent events in Russia, Spain, Germany, etc., and indeed from the history of "the revolution" everywhere in the past, rejection of the Christian creed does not produce tolerance, but rather a vehement hatred of its professors. In other words, those who will not have this Man reign over them are not content till they have put Him to death. In all the outbreaks of fury against the Church, we can detect the machinations of the infidel secret societies, the low-Protestant sects, and at times a Jewish influence, but, behind all, and accounting for the implacable and persistent detestation of the Church which all display, are undoubtedly ranged the adversaries mentioned by St. Paul—"the world-rulers of this darkness, the spirits of wickedness in regions above."

For a long time now these enemies, human and diabolic, of the name of Christ, have made poor Mexico their hunting-ground, and the civilized nations of the world, horrified whenever Jews, Armenians, Negroes, are the victims of man's inhumanity to man, but never much concerned when the victims are mere Papists, have not moved a finger to help her. In the two very different books under review there is common agreement that the attitude of the civilized world towards events in Mexico, particularly that of the United States, which recognized the revolutionary Government there in 1915 on the express condition, agreed to by Mexico, that religious freedom would be guaranteed to all Mexicans, is a reproach to civilization.

Bishop Kelley's volume, in spite of its theatrical title, is a sober, thorough, well-documented piece of work, which contains in itself all that the ordinary reader need know of the past and recent history of Mexico to enable him to appreciate the monstrous tyranny exercised to-day by the Federal, and many of the States, administrations over the helpless masses of Mexican Catholics. We published a map in May, showing how that population of 16½ millions

¹ (1) *Blood-drenched Altars*. By Francis Clement Kelley. London: Coldwell. Pp. 2, 502. Price, 13s. (2) *Chaos in Mexico*. By Charles S. Macfarland. New York: Harper Bros. Pp. 284. Price, \$2.00.

is deprived for the most part of clergy and Church ministrations, with the avowed object of stamping out the Faith. Recently the much-harried Mexican hierarchy, willing to condone the enormous wrongs of the past for the sake of their hapless flocks, made overtures of peace to the Federal Government, only to meet with contemptuous rejection and a fresh turn of the screw. What fellowship, indeed, hath Belial with Christ? Bishop Kelley's vigorous narrative, remarkable for the clearness with which it unfolds the complicated tangles of Mexican history, has had the advantage of careful revision and annotation by a recognized expert on the subject and its literature, Mr. Eber Cole Byam, whose invaluable comments occupy about one-fifth of the book. They are relegated to the end, a system which is meant to leave the letter-press free from interruption, but which, nevertheless, entails a wearisome turning back and forward, since the mere indication of a note provokes a desire to consult it there and then. However, the book should be read with care and at leisure by all who wish to be well-informed on a subject which affects human welfare and civilization so deeply. And since the world is so reluctant to learn, it should be forced by every means on its attention. We may recall how, in the spring of 1928, an English journal, *The Daily Express*, in answer to a challenge, actually sent a reporter to Mexico to investigate the truth of the accusations of religious persecution, and published a series of articles, fully bearing out the worst that was said of it. Then the veil dropped again, and it is with difficulty that any secular journal will admit the continuance of anti-religious outrages in Mexico. Yet to some extent public opinion has been aroused. Several speeches have been delivered at Washington by members of the House of Representatives denouncing in plain and forcible language the persecution policy of the Mexican Government. The American hierarchy has exposed its true aim and character in more than one pastoral. Even over here, at the Cambridge meeting of the League of Nations Union in July, a resolution, in guarded language, deprecated the interference with religious freedom exercised "in certain countries," and asked the Government to do whatever might be possible to point out what a serious hindrance to good international relations such interference is.

The second book mentioned will help to enlighten those who would *a priori* regard Bishop Kelley's as a piece of Catholic propaganda. Its author is a distinguished Episcopal clergyman, a voluminous author on politico-ecclesiastical subjects, and a prominent member of the American "National Conference of Jews and Christians," the main object of which is to break down prejudice by promoting understanding. He has investigated the Mexican question "on his own," and on the spot, interviewing over a hundred prominent people of all parties during a period of six

weeks, and he has set forth his balanced judgment in ten chapters embracing every aspect of the matter. The result, perhaps, will impress the non-Catholic more than the Catholic, who is in the position of the toad beneath the harrow and is apt to be impatient of a long list of pros and cons. But we can make a generous allowance for the author's initial handicap—his denial of the Church as a divine institution with definite and exclusive rights over its members with which the State cannot lawfully interfere. Regarding, as he must, the Church as a man-made organization, he has, nevertheless, done his best to put its case forward honestly, and this gives all the more force to his conclusion that "even a hasty review of this volume makes it perfectly clear that the Mexican State is persecuting the Church." Moreover, the Catholic will find here set forth in detail, what he will hardly see elsewhere, the case, such as it is, of the persecutor against the Church. We must admit that, in the past, the ecclesiastical history of Mexico, as indeed may be said of the Church in every land, has not been wholly blameless. All candid historians acknowledge a low standard of practice at times amongst the clergy, much superstition amongst the laity, and many political mistakes made by prelates. Mr. Macfarland has printed the Mexican Government's brief, and it is well to have it in hand, for an answer, which seems unaware of the whole accusation, cannot be fully convincing. Mr. Macfarland deserves our thanks for his candour and scrupulous fairness.

The publication of these volumes will we trust do something to bring aid and support to our persecuted brethren. The Mexican primate appeals for funds, urgently needed to carry on the work of the Church, for, needless to say, the persecutors have plundered it in every way, and done all in their power to impede its administration. Though it is true that the blood of the martyrs is the Seed of the Church, that refers to the Body as a whole. There is no guarantee that local "Churches" will survive any given assault, as we learn from the history of the Great Church of Africa, practically obliterated by the Mohammedan, but for which catastrophe Africa itself might long ago have rivalled the culture and power of Europe.

J.K.

EDITORIAL NOTE

All contributions submitted to the Editor must be typed and be accompanied by a sufficiently large stamped addressed envelope—stamps (or Post Office coupons from abroad) alone will not suffice. Articles so submitted should be concerned with matters of general interest, and be the fruit of expert knowledge or original research. They should not ordinarily exceed 3,500 words, and must be intended for exclusive publication in the "Month," if accepted. As a general rule, subjects dealing with the exposition of theology and ethics are reserved to the staff.

SHORT NOTICES

THEOLOGICAL.

BORN at Gaeta on February 20, 1468, Thomas de Vio Cardinal Cajetan, the fourth centenary of whose death was commemorated in 1934, lived at the height of the Renaissance period. In *Il Cardinale Tomaso de Vio Gaetano nel Quarto Centenario della Sua Morte*, published at Milan by the Societa Editrice "Vita e Pensiero" under the auspices of the Faculty of Philosophy in the University of the Sacred Heart, we have a symposium to which ten distinguished authors contribute. The subject of these essays was one of the most illustrious members of the Order of St. Dominic, which he governed, so we are told, "in manu forti" as General from 1508. In the present volume we have a short biography of the Cardinal by Father Reginaldo Fei, O.P., an essay on his doctrine of Analogy by Father Andrea Oddone, S.J., an essay on his criticism of the Scotist "Formal Distinction" by Carlo Mazzantini, essays on his teaching concerning the immortality of the soul, the Canon of Scripture, Eschatology, his Commentary on the moral system of St. Thomas, and a general account of his works. This collection of essays concludes with a bibliography and should appeal to students of the history of Scholasticism.

Father Descoqs, in his *Praelectiones Theologiae Naturalis* (Beauchesne: 100.00 fr.), not only gives a clear exposition and justification of the subject as treated by Scholastics, but he also examines very closely those theories and arguments which he does not accept. In this second volume of over 900 pages, he rejects as insufficient several "proofs" of the existence of God, and, after discussing the possibility, nature and extent of atheism, proceeds to treat of the infinity and simplicity of God, and of our analogical knowledge of the divine essence. Not only does he excel in his treatment of metaphysical principles, but he deals at great length with the facts from which investigation must start. He goes into such allied subjects as mysticism, and is thoroughly up to date in his treatment of the vexed problem of "Christian Philosophy." Both about principles and about facts, he gives far more material than an ordinary scholastic manual would give, and, further, adds copious and well-arranged bibliographies for even the smallest parts of his treatise. Good indexes at the end of the book make it easy to find one's way about in a book of such great size and completeness. The book is well printed and set up, and full use is made of differences of type and of clear headings.

The development of an eminent mind is always of interest, and when the mind is that of a Newman, it becomes not only a matter

of interest but also of positive value for the history of religious thought. Thus we cannot but be grateful to Dr. John A. Elbert, President of Trinity College, Sioux City, for his short but thoughtful and illuminating book on the evolution of Newman's conception of faith—*Evolution of Newman's Conception of Faith* (The Dolphin Press: 1932). The book was published several years ago, but, needless to say, everything concerned with Newman remains of abiding interest. The author traces the development of Newman's conception of faith prior to 1845, and he does this in a purely objective manner, basing his statements and interpretations on Newman's actual words. The reader is thus enabled to check the evidence and the value of the conclusions reached. The exposition is concise and convincing.

MORAL.

In his most excellent and timely book, *Must War Come?* (B.O. & W.: 3s. 6d.), Mr. John Eppstein, than whom no one is more competent to understand the ramifications of the doctrine and the difficulties of its practical application, discusses and disproves the supposed inevitability of warfare, in such an original unconventional way that even the man in the street, unversed in political theory and ignorant of the inner history of Europe, can follow the argument easily and readily accept its conclusion. His method is to examine post-War history in the light of the apposite counsels and comments of the Popes, and to show how the policy of the ex-Allies, pursued on lines divergent from these, have not only failed to secure peace, but have brought us within sight of just such another conflict of blind national ambitions. Incidentally, he lays down the principles of justice and charity on which alone a stable peace can be founded and which, being ignored, keep the world in confusion—viz., the primacy of the moral law over national policies, the solidarity of the human race, and the indefeasible rights of the individual. All are upheld by the Church's teaching, but it is very noticeable that it was on the second that Benedict XV, in his insistent pleading for peace, laid the chief stress. So close-knit are world-interests now that there is a *de facto* international community which has rights superior to those of its national constituents, and which receives in their mutual dissensions injuries of greater moment than the benefits the combatants seek or acquire. That this truth was instinctively felt after the War was shown by the institution of the League of Nations, that it was not fully realized was shown by the resurgence of nationalism which made the League impotent. The recent defiance of the League by Italy shows that one nation has already apostatized from that saving faith. Not the least valuable of the lessons which Catholics may learn from this most

helpful book—may it be broadcast so as to reach all our educational institutions—is the fact that the continuance of the warmentality is largely due to the failure of Catholics to realize and practise their Faith. Too many, including even the clergy, are as infected with racial pride and militarism, masquerading as patriotism, as the ignorant multitudes who do not belong to Christ's Visible Body. If war again seems to be inevitable, the blame must rest upon those who, in practice, reject the teaching of the Catholic religion.

BIBLICAL.

The outstanding merit of **The Aldine Bible**, of which Vol. II, **St. Luke and the Acts**, edited by M. R. James, O.M., assisted by Delia Lyttelton, S.Th., with engravings by Eric Gill (J. M. Dent & Sons: 5s.) has reached us, is the singular beauty of the type. The book is made from the Joanna types set by Hague and Gill of High Wycombe. The letters are beautifully cut; but, if one may offer a criticism, they are almost "dark with excess of light": each letter is exceedingly clear, but—unless it is because we are accustomed to other types—it is not easy to take in many words at a glance. Space between the lines and letters has been sacrificed to roominess within each letter itself. The effect is a trifle dazzling. The text, that of the Authorized Version, is arranged as continuous narrative broken into convenient small paragraphs, and only at the top corner of the page are verse indications given, summing up the verses on the page. The *apparatus criticus* is confined to short alternative readings or corrections of the Authorized or Revised Versions, given in notes at the end. Mr. Gill's two engravings are striking pieces of design.

DOCTRINAL.

Catholic Faith, Book I, is a new Catechism based on that drawn up by Cardinal Gasparri and edited under the supervision of the Catholic University of America. Book One, written for children up to the age of nine or ten, is now available, and Books Two and Three for later stages are promised next summer. This venture was certainly called for, and if the forthcoming books maintain the high standard of Book One they will deserve high praise. For not only is this Catechism for little ones beautifully printed in large clear type with devotional illustrations of the right sort, but question and answer are personal and objective and couched in that simple language which a child uses and at once understands. The temptation to quote is irresistible. The table of contents runs like this: "God and I. What God wants me to know. What God wants me to do. The help God gives me to love and serve Him. How I please God. How I displease God. How God will reward me." Not easy to improve on, is it? There

are about 180 questions. The answers are always quite short and easily memorized, *but* they will not need to be memorized. For if the knowledge is present in the child's mind the answer will be forthcoming in the right words or even more deliciously in their equivalents. Here are a few samples of question and answer: "What do we do when we pray? When we pray we think of God and speak lovingly to Him." "What is a Sacrament? A Sacrament is a means given us by Jesus Christ to bring grace to our souls." "What must you do to keep your soul free from sin? To keep my soul free from sin I must stay away from bad persons, bad places and bad things." Is it an anti-climax to suggest that any junior-school teachers who fail to possess themselves of Book One are neglecting a gift and a grace? The publishers (P. J. Kenedy, New York: 25 c.) with the humility of truth say of it: "In every way this Catechism is superior to any of its predecessors." They are incontestably right.

APOLOGETIC.

Father Ludwig Kösters' excellently-produced volume (published by Herder at 6.00 and 7.60 marks) entitled *Die Kirche unseres Glaubens* is to be welcomed. The author is Professor of Fundamental Theology or Apologetics in the well-known Seminary of Sankt Georgen at Frankfort, and the present work is the result of many years of study. His method is original. The ordinary text in full type contains the substance of his argument. Paragraphs in smaller type set in the text deal with proofs and subsidiary questions, and may be omitted by the general reader. A section of "Belege und Ergänzungen" occupies more than a third of the work; it is a monument of tireless scholarship and contains a wealth of references that would be of value to the lecturer and writer. Father Kösters approaches his study of the Church from a double standpoint. Starting with the fact of faith, he analyses the content of that faith and demonstrates the truth of the Church from the perfection of the doctrines it teaches and the splendour of the picture of Christ which it presents. With this he combines the strict historical apologetic which builds up and establishes the position of the Church. These two approaches unite in a dogmatic consideration of the Church informed by God as the synthesis of "Rechtskirche" and "Liebeskirche" and as the Mystical Body of Christ. Here, in the notion of communion of life with Christ and the continuation of the life and activity of Christ, does the Church realize its essential task and function.

The book should be of considerable value for those who are interested in Catholic apologetics as well as for the specialist.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

In *La Méthode Synthétique d'Hamelin*, by Leslie John Beck (Fernand Aubier: 15.00 fr.) we have an exposition, scholarly and

readable, of the doctrine of the modern French Idealist Hamelin, presented in a detached and sympathetic manner without any intention of undertaking a critical examination. It will be read with interest by those who, even whilst they have themselves little belief in the positive value of the neo-Kantian approach to reality, are not blind to the historical importance of nineteenth-century idealism and its negative value as a foil to the traditional realism of the Scholastic epistemology.

HOMILETIC.

A "new impression" of spiritual conferences is of itself a strong recommendation; and this is the worthy tribute given to **Conference Matter for Religious**, compiled by the Rev. Father Girardey, C.S.S.R. (Herder: 2 vols., 12s.). One is struck by the choice of subject as much as by its treatment; the very titles show an experienced hand. Besides the greater things like Sin, Prayer, etc., the author knows the value of speaking on such subjects as Solitude of the Soul, Silence and Discretion of Speech, What it is to educate a Child, and even Retiring to Rest. It would seem that the compiler had chiefly in mind, in the first volume, life inside a religious community, in the second, the dealing of a Religious with others. All are full of practical spiritual sense, built evidently on a long experience.

DEVOTIONAL.

The gift of making the past actual by clothing it in the garb of the present—a capacity which the late Mother Loyola of the I.B.V.M. displayed with such effect—is also exemplified in the writings of "Lamplighter," a *nom de plume* which hides the identity of another holy nun. A new book, therefore, from her pen is a thing to welcome, especially as it comes in time for service at Christmastide. This is called **One Small House of Nazareth** (B.O. & W.: 2s. 6d.), and it is divided into six parts, each with its striking and appropriate illustration by B. A. Rutherford, and its aim is to unfold the "secret" of the Hidden Life, and to show how each of us may make it our own. This aim is eloquently elaborated in a Preface by Archbishop Goodier. Whatever other books are marked down for Christmas presents to the young, this must not escape.

It is to be hoped that soon all the works of St. John Fisher and St. Thomas More will be available for ordinary readers, even while more erudite editions may be published for scholars. One such popular work is **A Spiritual Consolation and other Treatises**, by the Blessed Martyr John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, edited by D. O'Connor (B.O. & W.: 2s. 6d.). One booklet was written while the saint was a prisoner in the Tower, as also was the second, *The Way to Perfect Religion*. The third "other treatise" is a

Sermon on the Passion, the actual date of which is not known. All three treatises reveal the straight, unflinching eye which knows too well the value of this life to make much of it, and to which the supernatural is so vivid that all else is swallowed up in its brightness. In other words, Fisher's spiritual outlook is exactly that which is most characteristic of the English ascetics who preceded him. They have this stamp upon them all; this contempt of this world in the light of the greater life before them.

At the same price, the same editor produces **The Four Last Things**, an unfinished treatise by St. Thomas More (B.O. & W.: 2s. 6d.). The work was written in 1522, when St. Thomas was living in the midst of the Court of Henry VIII, and it suggests one reflection which, perhaps, most of the saint's modern biographers tend to overlook. In spite of all his active life and anxieties, what, apparently from the very beginning, most occupied the mind of the saint? Not politics, not the king, not humanism; though he thought of these things no less than of others, he thought of something else more. He "remembered his last things." How constantly and vividly, this unfinished treatise shows, the more that it was written when he was at the height of his prosperity.

HISTORICAL.

In the first of a series of lectures entitled **La Continuité Pontificale ; Conférences Prononcées à l'Institut Pie XI** (La Bonne Presse, Paris), we are given a masterly introduction to the study of Papal policy during the four great pontificates of our own times: those of Leo XIII, Pius X, Benedict XV and Pius XI, from the pen of Père Merklen, the well-known editor of *La Croix*. The papers, each written by a specialist, that follow, deal with special aspects of the question: the social, diplomatic, international and apostolic activity of the Sovereign Pontiffs. Not only are the apposite Papal documents extensively quoted, but their bearing on contemporary history is also indicated. The symposium is sober in style, but rich in information. Though hardly suitable for light reading, it will be of great service to the student who wishes to acquire a complete view of the work of the Holy See in the modern world.

Sister M. E. Keenan's **The Life and Times of St. Augustine as revealed in his Letters** (Catholic University of America, Washington) is a dissertation written for the doctorate of the University. In it Sister Keenan brings together all that the *Letters* of St. Augustine have to tell us regarding the social, economic and political life of his times. The field has, of course, already been thoroughly worked for what pertains to Christian doctrine and discipline. But she claims that no one has yet made a special study of it for the purpose which she has here in view. It was not to be expected that her examination would result in any startling discovery. But it affords us much interesting evidence regarding the conditions under

which the Church carried on her mission at the end of the fourth and the beginning of the fifth century. The most valuable section is that which deals with the moral state of Christian society and the relations of the Christians to their pagan and heretical neighbours. The work was certainly worth doing, and has been well done.

Upon the occasion of the golden jubilee of Père Lagrange's ordination to the priesthood, the *Cahiers de la nouvelle journée* have issued as their twenty-eighth number a kind of *Festschrift*, an account of *L'œuvre exégétique et historique du R.P. Lagrange* (Bloud et Gay: 20.00 fr.), conveniently divided into chapters dealing with the Old Testament, the New Testament, *le milieu hellénique* (a title of wide sweep, from ancient Crete to the Hermetic literature), and comparative religion, with a preface by Cardinal Liénart and a more personal appreciation as a short conclusion. In part the work has a controversial aspect even in regard of Catholic scholars; but this is not the time or the place for criticism, and we rather wish to join the learned contributors in offering our thanks and congratulations to the venerable father of the Dominican school at Jerusalem. In the main, his vast erudition has been a solid gain to the Catholic cause, and the admirable photograph which forms the apt frontispiece awakens memories of gracious courtesy and friendly discussion within the precincts of the Jerusalem priory, and of the honour of having in turn played host to Père Lagrange at the branch house of the *Pontificio Istituto Biblico*.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Daniel Sargent, a young American writer, first attracted attention last year by his brilliant study of St. Thomas More, which showed that he had the power of marshalling a mass of material and constructing from it a living and consistent picture. He brings the same eye for the vivid and picturesque to his sketches of **Four Independents** (Sheed & Ward: 7s. 6d. n.), men who, although finally at any rate, embracing the full tradition of the Catholic Faith, were original in their search for it and in their expression of it when found. Of these, three are poets, Charles Péguy, Paul Claudel, Gerard Manley Hopkins; the fourth, Orestes A. Brownson, being an American philosopher and journalist. Péguy was killed early in the War, before his poetic genius or his Catholicism had reached unequivocal expression; Paul Claudel, who has been his country's Ambassador at Washington, is fairly well known as a poet to English readers, if only through translations of his chief poetic works: he is one of France's many "intellectuals" who have proved that only in the truth is real liberty. In his picture of Father Hopkins Mr. Sargent achieves his greatest success, for he has penetrated into the secret of the poet's much-criticized style—the endeavour so to express thought that its

beauty should be seen in itself, not in anything added. For one whose acquaintance with his subject must needs be merely literary, the author gives a satisfying portrait of a rare genius, and he realizes, what non-Catholic critics often fail to see, that his dedicated career of detachment from things of earth and his close association with the stupendous mysteries of faith enhanced rather than hampered his poetic powers. But we are not sure that he is right in attributing the "terrible" sonnets to the poet's experiencing extreme spiritual desolation. His latter years were dogged by incessant ill-health and a consequent depression and sense of futility, and we should have to know much more than is known of his inner life before we could say confidently that his was the happy lot of the mystics. To Brownson belongs the high honour of giving a voice, loud, insistent and self-reliant, to the timorous mass of American Catholicity in the middle of last century, when the persecuting spirit of Protestantism was still active and strong. He brought into his new faith in 1844 the combatant energy which had carried him through many forms of unbelief, and, wielding a vigorous and fearless pen, defended the Church by exposing the prejudice and unreason of the sects. He was not always a comfortable champion, and during his thirty years of journalistic polemics he made mistakes, but he mellowed towards the end, and to-day he may be looked on as a model pioneer of that lay Catholic Action on which the future of the Church depends.

The future of Austria is still so problematical, the bold experiment she has made of abolishing Parliament yet retaining democracy is so interesting, her strong determination to remain German yet to eschew Nazi-ism—and we may add the hostility she meets with from the anti-clerical liberal and Socialist everywhere, make her of immense importance to those who hope for the survival of Christianity in central Europe. Accordingly, the recent biography of her gallant little Chancellor **Dollfuss** (B.O. & W. : 6s.), translated from the German of Johannes Messner, is very welcome, for Dollfuss was the embodiment and exponent of Austria's highest aspirations, and this life of him, composed to a large extent of extracts from his speeches, with a running comment, presents the man and his ideals with the utmost clearness. The tragedy of his death, which remains a foul blot on the German Nazi regime, has probably saved his country from incorporation in the Reich.

The Cromwellian Protectorate was so abnormal and transient a phenomenon in English history that even its author could not have expected its continuance. Cromwell's son Richard succeeded his father only because there was no substitute ready at the moment. As soon as the lawful King was invited to return, Richard retired to the life which most attracted him, that of a country gentleman. When greatness was thrust upon him, and he became for a brief space Protector of England, his lack of energy and ambition left

him bewildered amid the rivalries of Parliament and Army; and the story of his incapacity and of the injury done to his fortunes and family life by his unwilling political career calls for pity. **Richard Cromwell**, by Robert W. Ramsey (Longmans: 10s. 6d.), is a longer account of Richard's life than his political importance deserves; but the details of his family life are interesting in themselves, and of value for the understanding of the social life of the period.

As a supplement to his "Life" of Ven. Dominic Barberi, Father Urban Young, C.P., publishes **Dominic Barberi in England** (B.O. & W.: 6s.), containing, with a few connecting notes, a series of letters which he has discovered since the "Life" was written. They are letters with a living interest: first, because they let us see yet more the interior soul of our nineteenth-century apostle, hopeful, self-spending, yet in the end not wholly satisfied; second, because they throw more light on the standpoint of men like the Oratorian, Dalgairns. Some of the latter's letters are here given; they will not fail to be noticed by those who have studied the relations between the hereditary Catholics and the new converts of that time.

In the **Life of Blessed Michael Garicoïts, A Classical Saint (1797—1863)**, founder of the Priests of the Sacred Heart of Jesus of Betharram, and beatified in 1916, translated by C. Otis-Cox (Sands: 5s.), we read of one of those wonderful growths within the Church which seem to begin from nothing, and to depend for their development on one man's personality and sanctity. Pilgrims to Lourdes would need to go only a very little further to reach the mother house of the Fathers of the Sacred Heart, founded by one who seemed from the first to understand the meaning of the apparitions to Bernadette and their significance for the future. The volume gives us, perhaps more than anything else, an insight into the spiritual character of the founder; practical, humble, loving obedience, uniting gentleness with strength, with one object in view—the making of men who will spend themselves for the souls of their fellow-men.

The Holy Father has said of the mission of Madagascar that "it is one of those which, in the last fifty years, have given to the Church the greatest consolation." In those fifty years Catholics there have increased from 25,000 to 507,000; and at the present moment the growth promises to be yet more rapid. In **Le Père Jacques Berthieu: 1838—1896** (Beauchesne: 28.00 fr.), Father Adrien Boudou, S.J., not only tells us the life of the great Madagascar martyr, but describes in detail the development, in the midst of every opposition, of one of the greatest missionary undertakings of our time. It was carried through to success in a French colony, with the French Government persecuting at every turn; as one reads one is driven to ask repeatedly: Who are the truest

lovers of their country? Still this is by no means the chief impression; rather it is one of deep thanksgiving that France produces to-day the same type of hero that it produced for the missions of Canada three centuries ago. The last chapter of this book, relating the martyr's death and what led up to it, is worthy of a place in any record of heroism.

SOCIOLOGICAL.

We have received from the University of the Sacred Heart, Milan, *Contributi del Laboratorio di Statistica*, Fourth Series, dealing with "Biotipologia delle Aristocrazie," a collection of studies published in connexion with the Twelfth Congress of the International Institute of Sociology, held at Brussels last August. Various authors deal with the physical characteristics of aristocracies, particularly in Italy, in relation to their social activities. Each paper is followed by a résumé in Italian, French, English and German. Another volume from the same University just published is entitled *Economia Corporativa*. In this are contained essays on the essence of the corporative economy, the "universalism" of Spann, economic cycles and the corporative economy, stabilization, and the general theory of corporatism. Both volumes can be obtained from the Società Editrice "Vita e Pensiero," Milan; the first costs 25.00 lire, the second 15.00 lire. They maintain the high standard we have learned to expect from the University of the Sacred Heart.

FICTION.

In her new Stuart novel—*King's Critic* (Rice & Cowan : 7s. 6d. n.)—Miss Jane Lane has abandoned the tragedy of the First Charles for the comedy of the Second, and given us a sketch of the King returned from his travels, and amusing himself at Whitehall. There are no fights, desertions, escapes, failures in the story, yet behind the glitter and wit there is the half-sensed drama of a wasted life and talents squandered. We see the King through the eyes of a young Catholic squire at Court who worships his royal Master with passionate devotion, until the discovery of his corruption robs the boy, for a time, of his faith in God as well as in man. A beautiful yet shallow-hearted Puritan girl helps his apostasy, yet in the end he is saved from her wiles and recovers his Catholic ideals, if not his illusions about Charles. Miss Lane's work gives the impression of minute knowledge of the period, topographical as well as historical, yet her pictures are not overloaded with detail. The character and the conversation of Charles are brilliantly done, and her vignettes of nature—one could, given the ability, transfer them to canvas—are exquisite in their vividness. Less cramped by an historical framework, her imaginative skill has here more play, and the result is extraordinarily good.

In **A Murder Makes a Man** (Longmans : 8s. 6d. n.) Mr. William Walsh has packed into 440 pages the descriptive material for more than one novel, and a whole gallery of odd, clearly-defined and contrasted characters, many evidently drawn from experience, which will intrigue the European reader not a little. The "hero" is a Polish immigrant, Catholic by tradition, but at first undeveloped and uneducated, who sinks at first into the sordidness of his surroundings but, wrongfully convicted for murder, passes during his eleven years of convict life through the whole gamut of unbelief and defiance till, moulded at last by the blows of circumstance, regains faith and liberty at the same time. Mr. Walsh occasionally nods, like Homer; the story moves slowly and there is much that might have been omitted without loss, but the leisurely reader will carry away much sound apologetic and a few strongly-etched and lovable characters.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Quite a new and welcome sort of "mission-book" is this, combining an account of the soul-salvage and civilizing labours going on in Bathurst Island, with a series of thrilling adventures and picturesque descriptions of savage tropical life. Bathurst Island, sixty miles off Port Darwin in the Northern Territory of Australia, has an area of about 3,000 square miles, a population of 1,000 aborigines, two priests and a Brother and three Sisters. Mr. Patrick Ritchie, a Sydney rancher, saw an appeal in a local missionary journal, and having no loose cash to send, determined to offer his own trained services to this lonely outpost for a period. He went for a year and stayed four, and left the island materially in a flourishing state, with horses, cattle and all the necessities of a healthy agricultural life, and the natives a long way advanced towards Christian civilization. But there are plenty of savages left, and it is their pursuits and customs, strange, ludicrous and sometimes revolting, to which he introduces us. Such example is contagious, and Mr. Ritchie's vivid narrative, **North of the Never Never** (B.O. & W. : 5s.), with its plentiful and fascinating photographs, will, we doubt not, inspire many young Australian laymen to lend the overburdened missionaries a hand in civilizing and Christianizing the remote fringes of their great continent.

A mixed batch of the publications of the Milan University, issued by the "Vita e Pensiero" Society, viz., **Cristianesimo e diritto Romano**, by M. Roberti, E. Bussi, G. Vismara (25.00 l.); **Intorno al Concetto di Diritto Comune**, by E. Bussi; **Hitopadeça**, by A. Ballini; **La riforma degli Studi Universitari negli Stati Pontifici** (1816—1824), by Father Gemelli, O.F.M., and Dom S. Vismara, O.S.B., and **La Costituzione nelle Aristocrazie italiane**, by Carlo Mengarelli, deserves, but cannot, alas! obtain detailed consideration. The first-named discusses such "receptiones" into Roman

law, through Christianity, as that of the Hebrew usage of the *donatio propter nuptias* of the bridegroom to the bride (which has its bearing on St. Paul's idea of Christ's relation to the Church) and of the Hebrew reverence for the unborn child which led to the Roman maxim *Nasciturus pro iam nato habetur*. The second deals learnedly with the concept of common law. The third is a Sanskrit text, the *Hitopadesa*, edited and translated pleasingly by A. Ballini. Father Gemelli has himself collaborated with Dom S. Vismara, O.S.B., in a detailed examination of the reform of university studies in the Papal States at the close of the Napoleonic Wars. Finally, we have a statistical work upon the bodily constitution of the upper classes in Italy, by C. Mengarelli.

There are some books which please because they put into words for us thoughts of which we have long been vaguely conscious. Such a book is **The Chemistry of Thought**, by Claude A. Claremont, B.Sc., A.C.G.I. (Allen & Unwin : 8s. 6d.). The author's aim is to show that the Montessori system of education brings to light the psychological elements of which thought is composed. He tests his theories by applying them to the thought processes involved in the practice of the various arts. We can recommend this book which is written in clear and non-technical language on an interesting subject.

It must have been difficult for the compiler, Mr. E. V. Knox, to condense into the compass of some 150 pages—the dimensions of the several volumes in Messrs. Methuen's "Library of Humour"—**Hilaire Belloc** (2s. 6d. n.), the title of the collection of that versatile genius's fun. But the aim of such anthologies is to send the reader into the open garden, and no one will be content with sniffing such snippets, but will rise and re-read the complete originals, as soon as he can. One misses some examples of Mr. Belloc's mordant satire, whereby he discloses the inner souls of political and financial humbugs, but perhaps the compiler considered them too severe to be included with the kindlier humour.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Vera Barclay's **Joc and Colette at the Natural History Museum** (B.O. & W.: 3s. 6d.) is a veritable feast of information for the young reader with an inquiring disposition, *i.e.*, for the normal child, who will probably revel in its cleverly-constructed pages. Alongside of the scientific interest of the theme, runs a "human" interest provided by the various characters (drawn with skill and "naturalness") of the children to whom so many strange facts of creation are being revealed during their visit to the Museum—and who may well represent, in their responsive appreciation, the reactions of most young people, aged, say, about ten to fourteen, on being confronted for the first time with the marvels of natural science. There are two good photographs, and a series of entertaining drawings by Joanna Düby.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

That most helpful little series "Let Us Pray" has just published its fifth number, a new translation of the beautiful **Prayers for the Dying**, by Father Le Buffe, S.J. (The America Press: \$1.50). We are always counselled for our own soul's good to become familiar with these exquisite prayers, which are not sad, nor saddening, but rather full of hope and joy. New twopenny pamphlets of the C.T.S. are **St. Paul of the Cross**, by the Rev. Joseph Smith, C.P., giving the stimulating life-story of the great founder of the Passionists, and in the smaller format **The Friends of Our Lord**, by Mrs. Maxwell Lawford, short accounts of the lives of Saints Peter, Paul, Joseph, John the Baptist, Stephen and Mary Magdalen. Among a number of reprints are **The Children's First Confession and Communion**, by the Rev. J. I. Lane (13th thousand), Christmas Meditations—**His Visitors**—by Mother St. Paul (56th thousand), **An Easy Method of Mental Prayer**, by the Rev. Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P. (72nd thousand), and Father R. Clarke's popular little meditation-books **Our Father** and **Charity**. La Bonne Presse, Paris, sends us two calendars for 1936, full of useful information and bright stories and copiously illustrated. The larger **Almanach du Pèlerin** costs 2.00 fr., and the smaller, **Mon Almanach**, 25 cents.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

AMERICA PRESS, New York.

Prayers for the Dying. By Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J. Pp. 64. Price, 30 cents.

BEAUCHESNE, Paris.

Saint Paul. Les Épitres de la Captivité. Translation and Commentary. By Père Joseph Huby, S.J. Pp. 376. Price, 24.00 fr. *Dictionnaire de Spiritualité.* Edited by Marcel Viller, S.J. Fascicule V. Pp. 1282—1599.

BRUCE PUBLISHING CO., Milwaukee.

Cicero's Milo. By Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. Pp. 248. Price, \$1.24.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, LTD., London.

Must War Come? By John Eppstein. Pp. 127. Price, 3s. 6d. Scupoli's *The Spiritual Combat*, and *The Treatise of Inward Peace.* (A new translation.) Pp. 280. Price, 2s. 6d. *The Attack on Lourdes.* By Canon E. Duplessy. Translated by Rev. J. I. Lane. Pp. 184. Price, 5s. *South Country Secrets.* Illustrated.

By "Euphan" and "Klaxon." Pp. 216. Price, 3s. 6d.

CATHOLIC RECORDS PRESS, Exeter.

The Ancient Religious Houses of Devon. Illustrated. Adapted from various sources by George Oliver, D.D. Pp. 106. Price, 2s. 6d. n.

COLDWELL, LTD., London.

Poland Indomitable. By A. M. W. Singleton. Pp. 72. Price, 1s. 6d. *Gentle Ireland.* By Hugh de Blacam. Pp. 184. Price, 8s. 6d.

COLE & CO., LTD., London.

Report of the Thirty-eighth Annual Conference of Catholic Colleges. Pp. 226. Price, 2s.

DOLPHIN PRESS, Philadelphia.

The Canon Law of Wills. By Jerome Daniel Hannan. Pp. ix, 517. Price, \$3.50 n. *Canonical Evidence in Marriage Cases.* By the Rev. Francis Wanenmacher, J.C.D. Pp. xxi, 412. Price, \$3.50 n.

EDITION SPES, Paris.

Est-il Vrai que l'Eglise s'en Désintéresse? By Maurice Rigaux, S.J. Pp. 238. Price, 10.00 fr.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY PRESS,

Lawyer, Lord Chancellor and Martyr: St. Thomas More. By Aloysius J. Hogan, S.J., Ph.D. Pp. 12.

GRAYSON & GRAYSON, London.

Private and Confidential. Pp. viii, 432. Price, 10s. 6d.

GRIFFITH & MILLINGTON, LTD., London.

Avons-nous raison d'être Catholiques? By Jean de Courberive. Pp. 234. Price, 12.00 fr.

HARDING & MORE, London.

Our Lady of Montalegre. By E. Vincent Wareing. Pp. 54. Price, 2s.

HERBERT JENKINS, London.

Peter and Veronica Growing Up. By Margaret Beech. Pp. 222. Price, 2s. 6d.

JOHN MURRAY, London.

Principles of Biology. By G. Waddington, S.J., Ph.D., and Monica Taylor, S.N.D., D.Sc. Pp. 350. Price, 5s.

KENEDY & SONS, New York.

College Men. Their Making and Unmaking. By Dom Proface. Pp. 324. Price, \$2.15.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., London.

The Prophet Child. By Gwendolen Plunket Greene. Pp. 165. Price, 6s. n. *Richard Cromwell, Protector of England.* By Robert W. Ramsey. Pp. 239. Price, 10s. 6d. n. *A Murder Makes a Man.* By William Walsh. Pp. 440. Price, 8s. 6d. n. *The Pain of this World and the Providence of God.* By M. C. D'Arcy, S.J. Pp. 150. Price, 5s. n. *History of Medieval Philosophy.* Vol. I. By Maurice De Wulf. Pp. 318. Price, 12s. 6d. n.

MARIETTI, Turin.

Circulus Philosophicus seu Objectionum Cumulata Collectio. Vol. II. By Caesare Carbone. Pp. 598. Price, 18.00 l. *In Metaphysicam Aristotelis Commentaria Sancti Thomae Aquinatis.* Pp. 798. Price, 30.00 l. *Institutiones Juris Canonici.* Vol. IV.

By P. Matthaeus a Coronata, O.M.C. Pp. 676. Price, 30.00 l. *Institutiones Theologiae Moralis.* Vol. II. By P. Gabriele de Varceno, O.M.Cap. Pp. 680. Price, 25.00 l. *Joannis Ludovici Vives Colloquia.* New edition. Arranged by Blasio Verghetti. Pp. 290. Price, 5.00 l. *Devotionale Pii Clerici et Religiosi.* Compiled by D. Germano Prado, O.S.B. Pp. 416. Price, 7.00 l. *Ritus pro Ordinibus Conferendis.* Pp. 118. Price, 1.00 l. *Speculum Monachorum.* By Ven. L. Blossius. Pp. 86. Price, 2.00 l.

ST. DOMINIC'S PRESS, Ditchling, Sussex.

Saint Thomas Aquinas on the Blessed Sacrament and the Mass. Pp. 188. Price, 5s. *New Maryland.* By the Rev. W. V. Baker, M.A., Cong. Orat. Pp. 58. Price, 1s.

SAMUEL BAGSTER, London.

The Gardener. By Mary Winter Were. Pp. 35. Price, 2s. 6d. n.

SHEED & WARD, London.

Four Independents. By Daniel Sargent. Pp. 243. Price, 7s. 6d. n. *Progress through Mental Prayer.* By Edward Leen, C.S.Sp. Pp. x, 276. Price, 7s. 6d. *The Church and the Catholic and The Spirit of the Liturgy.* By Romano Guardini. Pp. 210. Price, 5s. *The Journey of the Three Kings.* By Henri Ghéon. Translated by C. C. Martindale, S.J. Pp. 78. Price, 2s. 6d. *Ways and Crossways.* By Paul Claudel. Pp. 183. Price, 3s. 6d. n.

SHELDON PRESS, London.

An Early Mystic of Baghdad. By Margaret Smith, M.A., Ph.D. Pp. 312. Price, 15s.

TÉQUI, Paris.

La Vraie Politesse. By Abbé François Demore. Pp. ix, 222. Price, 10.00 fr. *Le Pain des Grands.* By Chanoine Eug. Duplessy. Pp. 331. Price, 12.00 fr. *La Philosophie de la Nature.* By Jacques Maritain. Pp. 150. Price, 15.00 fr. *Caractère et Personnalité.* By E. Peillaube. Pp. viii, 227. Price, 20.00 fr.

VITA E PENSIERO, Milan.

Pubblicazioni della Università Cattolica Del Sacro Cuore. 6 numbers. *L'Anima di Pio Decimo.* By Father V. Facchinetti, O.F.M. Pp. 426. Price, 16.00 l.

